HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXV.—No. 1818.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1891.

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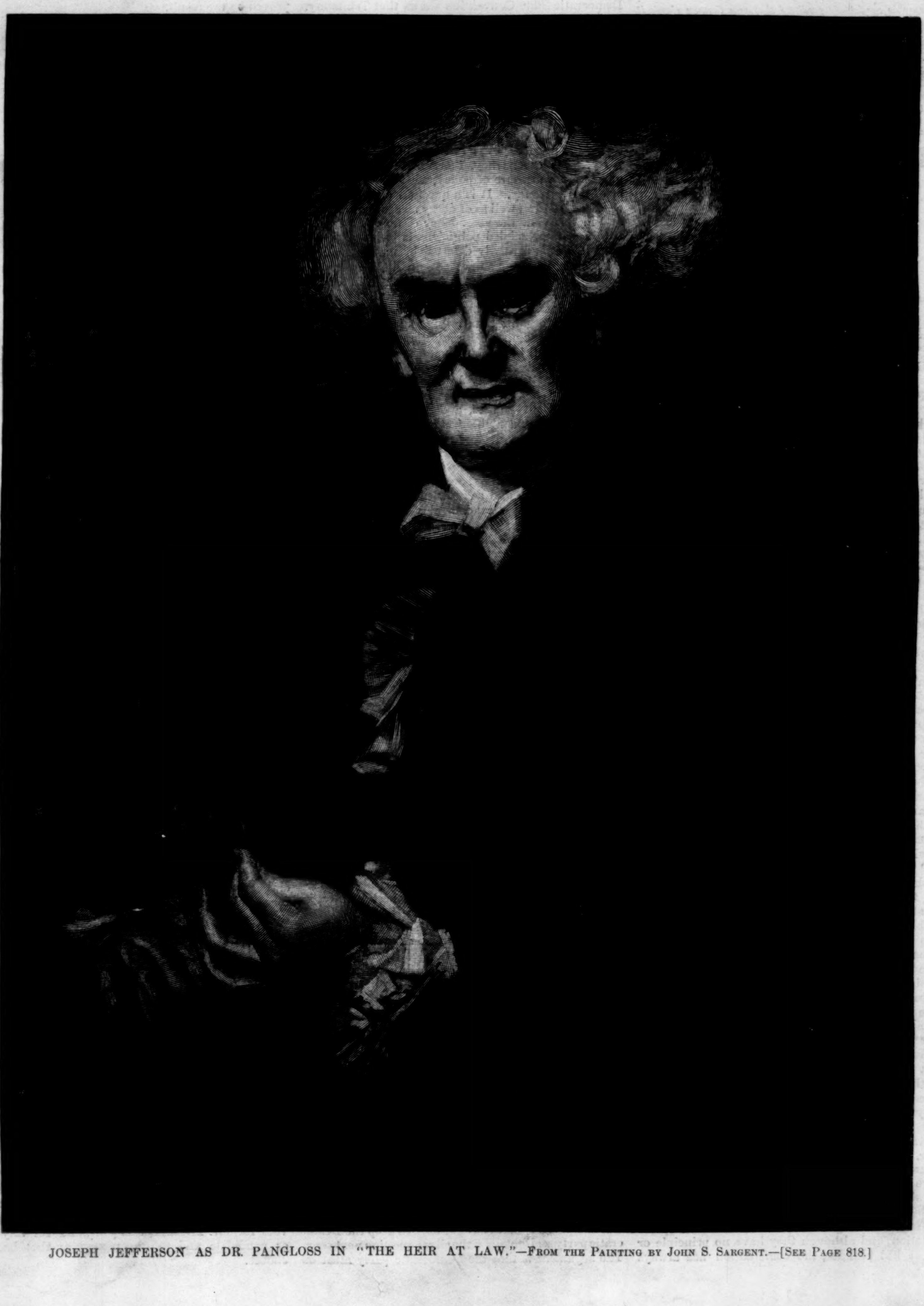

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS DR. PANGLOSS IN "THE HEIR AT LAW."—From the Painting by John S. Sargent.—[See Page 818.]

MARSHAL VON MOLTKE'S MEMOIRS.

FIRST VOLUME ISSUED:

The Franco-German War of 1870–71. By Field-Marshal COUNT HELMUTH VON MOLTKE. Translated by CLARA BELL and HENRY W. FISCHER. With a Map and Portrait. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00. The first volume issued of "The Collected Writings and Memoirs of the late Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke."

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)
PUBLISHED
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 24, 1891.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

TAMMANY HALL AND THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK.

THE effort of the great FLOWER ratification meeting at the Cooper Institute in New York was to change the issue before the people of the State from that of the immediate control of the State government by the most corrupt and powerful, and therefore dangerous, political organization in the country to that of a future revision of the tariff by Congress. The effort was made in two ways: first, by insisting that whatever might be true of Tammany Hall, it is a local question, and discussion of it is a mere Republican campaign trick, while tariff reform is the paramount national interest to which every other question should be subordinated; and second, by alleging that whatever might be true of Tammany Hall, it was a question within the Democratic party, while the party at large must be supported at all elections by all who really desire tariff reform. The argument in both cases was essentially the same. It was that the Democratic party holds the true view of a tariff, and therefore at every election and for all candidates the Democratic ticket must be supported. This is precisely the kind of argument addressed to the Pennsylvania Republicans who oppose QUAY, and to the Philadelphia Republicans who mean to vote for the Democratic Treasurer in order to find out about the corruption in the city Treasury. They are adjured to support the party ticket, corruption or no corruption, because it represents the sacred cause of protection. So "vote for FLOWER, Tammany or no Tammany," says the Cooper Institute meeting, "because he stands for tariff revision." This is an argument for those who are moved by the familiar old Tammany cry that the devil is to be supported if he be regularly nominated. It was the argument of the TWEED ring which ruled New York as the "regular Democracy." It is a good argument for all who always vote the Democratic ticket. But it is no argument at all for the citizens of New York who intend to vote at the next election to promote in the most probable manner the welfare of the State.

The character, the power, and the methods of Tammany Hall have been made familiar not only by the TWEED episode, but by the recent detailed and undeniable exposures of the *Evening Post*. It is a combination or conspiracy primarily for the control of the city government for the benefit of certain men, and a vast train of their dependents. Those men are in no sense whatever eminent or leading citizens of New York. They are wholly unknown except as Tammany politicians, many of them tainted with crime, and they have no part in the industrial, educated, or higher life of the city. They are merely unscrupulous politicians who live and enrich themselves by command of the city patronage and opportunities, selling the local offices to the highest bidder, and corrupting members of the Legislature for their purposes whenever necessary. The "patronage" at their control is four times as large as the Federal patronage in the city, and their organization is complete and permanent. Their forces are the great mass of the ignorant and criminal class of the population, and although they have no principle or purpose but plunder, the combination has always shown the Democratic flag, is supported by Democratic votes, and trades with the trading Republicans, or any other venal body of politicians or voters. Its excesses under TWEED were so flagrant and shameless that it became a national peril, and the universal and conclusive argument against the Democratic party throughout the country was its identification with slavery and Tammany Hall. The local danger was so threatening that upon the exposures by the *Times* of the extent of Tammany crime there was a combined popular movement against it, in which Democrats were very prominent, which led to the flight of its chief leaders and the death of TWEED as a felon. Another local organization of the party was effected, but Tammany still remained, and after a contest of some years the leaders of the new organization now confess that the action of the late Democratic State Convention shows that Tammany, excluding every representative of the new organization from the Convention, has resumed its old control. It prevails with its party in the State by its alliance with the liquor interest, and by offsetting with the immense venal vote of the city the vote of the rest of the State. Thus acquiring State control of its party, it aims at casting the vitally important vote in the Democratic National Convention; and thus again, although only a local organization, it is by far the greatest power in the national Democratic party. Its ascendency, therefore, involves much more than a measure of policy, whether of the tariff or of the currency. It is a question of honest government itself, as well as of every measure of reform, and in this view the ascendency of no other combination of unprincipled politicians is to be compared with it. It is cordially detested by many excellent Democrats, who sometimes offer a little spasmodic opposition. But as WILLIAM GODWIN said of the Catholic Church that it reposed securely upon the folly and ignorance of mankind, so Tammany Hall, a perpetual organization, relying upon party spirit and bribery, exhausts the protesting Democrats, and brings them all into subjection.

That it is substantially the same body of municipal robbers, strong only by ignorance, corruption, and other crime, instinctively hostile to honest government, decent politics, and political reform, the undenied and undeniable facts published within the last two or three years, and published at the personal peril of those who took the responsibility, conclusively prove. The ratification at the polls of the supremacy of Tammany, which was shown in the State Convention and acknowledged by Democrats, would put it in practical control of the State through the Legislature and Governor. To vote for its candidates is to declare that good government and progressive and beneficent State legislation are to be expected from Tammany Hall. To support its ticket is to install in the State government a power which is described in detail, and known to be in fact, an aggregate of the worst elements in the city of New York. Mr. FLOWER, we believe, is personally an amiable gentleman, but politically he is a creation of Tammany. Politically he has no individual force or significance. He has been most scornfully described by those who now support him, and except for his large fortune nobody would assert that he would have been sent to Congress or nominated for the Governorship. The real forces behind him are Governor HILL and Mr. CROKER, the liquor interest and the Tammany power—the power which could send and intended to send SCANNELL to Congress, and refrained only lest it should embarrass its larger and more important designs. If the success of such an organization, whose purpose no intelligent man can deny, and whose power the Brooklyn and the Erie Democrats have felt, means reform and the objects in State politics which good citizens desire to accomplish, the Democratic candidate may be safely elected. But if the Tammany power is now an immediately threatening danger to honest politics, it cannot be safely strengthened under the plea that it must be tolerated this year for the sake of tariff reform hereafter. Even those who as partisan Democrats support it, privately denounce it, or insist that "TOM" PLATT is as bad as Tammany Hall, which is the mere gibe of despairing inability to justify support of Tammany grasping at the government of the State. Tammany is an issue which takes precedence of all other issues. If its success were, as it is not, but as its advocates allege, the condition of hastening tariff reform, there are yet sincere tariff reformers, but also friends of honest government, who would gladly see the triumph of reform postponed. Tariff reformers are grievously deluded who in pursuit of that object vote so as to enable Tammany Hall once more to say with its old insolence of defiance, "What are you going to do about it?"

VOTING FOR NEXT YEAR.

ONE of the most extraordinary arguments for the election of Mr. FLOWER that we have seen offered in this campaign is that it would tend to keep the Democratic party straight upon the silver question next year. The argument is that the Democratic party must be kept in good humor and put upon its good behavior or it will make mischief. In other words, if it is tickled and soothed, the Democratic tiger will be gentle as a kitten; but should it be crossed, it will growl and bite. This is a droll argument for grown people. It concedes that the position of the party upon the silver question is extremely uncertain. In other words, it implies that as a party it cannot be trusted upon the subject, and that is undoubtedly the truth. There is little doubt that if there should be a general Democratic victory at the elections of this autumn, the stronger drift of the party in every direction would be strengthened. Now the larger number of Democratic State declarations upon the silver question have been favorable to free coinage, and in the event of general success those declarations would not be withdrawn, but would be naturally regarded as approved by the result.

The attempt to centralize the election into a simple tariff declaration is likely to produce a great deal of misunderstanding. During the State campaign the parties will naturally emphasize their national differences; but to do this exclusively is to lose sight of the large vote which is not merely partisan, and does not propose to sacrifice local questions of the first importance to one important national question. The exhortation in every little district to vote the entire ticket is the natural result of the argument that everything must be subordinated to next year's result. A man must vote for an inferior county clerk or coroner because the party vote must be full and complete for next year. Indeed, the cry of the autumn that we must vote for or against protection in voting for a game constable is wholly fatal to the sound doctrine that we should refuse to be bullied into voting for an incompetent school commissioner this year by fear of endangering the election of a tariff reformer to Congress next year.

This is all part of the scheme of party tyranny. The voter must not exercise his own judgment, or vote according to his own knowledge, but carry out the arrangements of the bosses. This is very foolish. There is no point at which the voter should surrender his own judgment upon any vital point. Mere preference among fit candidates is not a vital point, but fitness itself is. If a man goes to the primary and votes for delegates to the convention, and the convention nominates A, he will not refuse to vote for him because he rather prefers B. But if the convention nominates C, whom the voter knows to be unfit, he will not vote for C because he voted for the delegates who nominated him. When the managers know that anybody whom they nominate will get the party vote, they will nominate to suit themselves. The only thing which will produce proper nominations is the fear of the defeat of improper nominations. The argument, therefore, that we ought to support all candidates and measures, and take all risks of State reforms and local benefits, for the sake of general party success next year is utterly demoralizing; while the assertion that a party ought to be supported lest it should do some mischief is a good reason for voting early and working hard against it.

THE PASTER AND THE BLANKET BALLOT.

THE People's Municipal League in the city of New York, composed of the most earnest ballot reformers, will either nominate for the Assembly candidates pledged to ballot reform, or it will approve such candidates when otherwise nominated. This is a capital plan, which will enable every voter to support a candidate for the Assembly who will certainly vote for the amended blanket ballot. But in order to make sure that such a vote is not nullified by a veto, he must also vote against Mr. FLOWER, because he has declared that he stands by the Democratic platform, and the Democratic platform declares for the unamended law which tolerates "the paster," intended to baffle the reform.

As we have already explained, Governor HILL would not sign the bill until it permitted a paster, or a complete ballot, to be printed by anybody and given by a boss to the voter to take into the booth and paste over any ticket. This is now a valid ballot, and enables the briber to oversee his man except for the moment during which he is sticking the paster upon the ticket. As the voter has no reason not to do this, and it is actually easier for him than any other course, the briber has a moral certainty that he has corrupted the vote, and that his man has earned his money.

The paster is the reformed ballot of Governor HILL, of Tammany Hall, of the Democratic party, as declared unanimously at its Convention, and of Mr. FLOWER. The blanket ballot is the reformed ballot of Mr. FASSETT and the Republican party, as declared unanimously at its Convention. Mr. FASSETT and his party associates have voted for it three times in the Legislature. Whoever wishes the reform completed in New York will naturally vote for Mr. FASSETT, this year, and for any other candidate and reform next year that he may choose.

CLEANING HOUSE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

In Pennsylvania Wayne MacVeagh heads the list of Republicans who intend to vote for Mr. William Redwood Wright, the Democratic city Treasurer, who is already pushing the investigation into the apparently depthless Republican corruption in the city administration. Mr. Herbert Welsh writes a pointed letter in reply to the statement that no Republican can refuse to support an unexceptionable party candidate. He says truly that that is not the question. The question is why an unexceptionable administrative officer, whose duties are absolutely non-political, and who is doing them most effectively, should be put out merely for the purpose of putting in a successor.

There is no answer to such a question. It is conclusive. It is simple common-sense applied to elections, and the question and the contemplated action show the vigorous political health of the voters concerned. Mr. MacVeagh and his friends hold that no thorough inquiry into the frauds of the city Treasury can be expected from Republicans. The desire to save the party would be overpowering.

Perhaps Mr. Allen, the Republican candidate for the Governorship in Massachusetts, thinks that Mr. MacVeagh and Mr. Welsh and the other Republican voters who elected Mr. Pattison Governor of Pennsylvania last year are among the independents of whom he speaks as sitting on the fence and shying stones at the party processions. But they do not shy without results, as they proved last year; and which, upon the whole, does Mr. Allen prefer, a political independence which roots out corruption, or a party fidelity which covers it up?

AFTER PARNELL, WHAT?

The death of Mr. Parnell will naturally deepen the hostility between his friends and the followers of Mr. McCarthy. The feeling, indeed, is so bitter that the latter were warned not to attend the funeral, and for the moment not only is there no head of the Irish party, but the party is rent asunder. The breach is wider because the Parnellites now hold their leader to have been murdered by his opponents. His last message of love to his colleagues and country will become a cherished tradition and rallying cry, and no Irish leader seems destined to a fonder or more passionate recollection than Parnell. There is hardly in political history a more extraordinary miscarriage of a great career. His renown, if not among Bacon's builders of states, yet among national leaders, seemed to be assured. He was the one Irishman whom Englishmen were compelled to recognize as of a statesmanlike sagacity and courage like those of the foremost historic Englishmen, and yet all was lost for himself not by the superiority of others, but wholly because of his own weakness.

We are surprised to see that Mr. Smalley speaks of "the colleagues who betrayed him." On the contrary, it was Parnell and Parnell alone who betrayed both the cause and its supporters. He deliberately entered upon a course of personal immorality without the least consideration of its effect upon the cause to which he was devoted, and which others had committed to him as the leader. The result was the alienation of the English sympathy which alone made his cause practicable and strong, and with that sympathy the loss of the English leader whose personal power was essential to success. Parnell's personal conduct, his private immorality, compelled his colleagues, who had loved and followed him as a leader with unprecedented loyalty, to choose between Ireland and him, and they nobly chose their country. If ever a man betrayed a cause and the most faithful colleagues, it was Parnell. It is no reply to say that his guilt was known before the divorce suit. It was not known to "the dissenting conscience" except as rumor. If the charge had reason, it was understood that he had a defence. It was his business to know the character of his supporters. It was moral treason in him wantonly to outrage the collective conscience of his dissenting allies, and to give the Catholic hierarchy its opportunity. It was his duty as a true leader to forecast the consequences of his private conduct upon both sides, and when he owned the shame and the great breach followed, it was not his colleagues who had betrayed him; it was Parnell who had betrayed his cause.

This seems to us the simple historic fact. Certainly no historian hereafter will say that Parnell's cause was lost under his leadership because his colleagues betrayed him. The historian will record with amazement the fact that for a shameful private intrigue the greatest of Irish leaders threw away his cause. Doubtless his heart was broken. But it would not have been broken had he been basely deserted and betrayed by his associates, because that event, however disastrous, would have left his self-respect untouched. The catastrophe is one of the tragedies of modern politics. No man in the British Empire probably would be followed to the grave with so vast and passionate an outburst of grief and pride and affection as attended Parnell to Glasnevin. **But the blighted career, the broken heart, the untimely death, were not due to the treachery of others, and the tragical lesson needs no preacher.**

IN THE THIRTY-SECOND DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

In the Thirty-second Senatorial District of New York an independent candidate has been nominated against the regular Republican candidate, Senator Vedder. This is the only way in which "reform within the party" can be secured. So long as those who wish such reform continue to vote for the thing to be reformed, there will be no reform within the party, and those who desire it will merely strengthen the evil they wish to correct.

Dr. J. T. Edwards, for the last twenty-one years the President of the Chamberlain Institute, at Randolph, a gentleman known and respected in his neighborhood as a teacher and preacher, has been nominated for State Senator by a Peoples' Convention and a Democratic Convention, and has accepted as an independent candidate, not acknowledging any party obligation, and pledged to the interests of the whole community. In an excellent speech accepting the nomination Dr. Edwards said, truly, "No caucus can relieve any individual from the responsibility of exercising his own judgment as to the character of every candidate for office."

This is sound American doctrine, and the only defence against the despotism of party. Dr. Edwards quotes the remark of John Jay, which is well worth pondering by every American citizen:

> "We approve of the customary mode of nominating candidates, and have uniformly concurred in it. That concurrence certainly involved our tacit consent to be bound by the nomination to be so made. But it is equally certain that such consent did, does, and ever will rest on the condition, trust, and confidence that such nomination only be made as we can support without transgressing the obligations we are under to preserve our characters and our minds free from humiliation and reproach."

This is in the precise key of Edmund Burke's noble words: "All government is founded upon compromise and barter. .... But in all fair dealing the thing bought must bear some proportion to the purchase paid. None will barter away the immediate jewel of the soul." The voters in the Thirty-second District who do not wish to vote for the regular candidate merely because he is such, have apparently a candidate of character and standing whom they can willingly support.

STRAWS.

It was claimed at the late annual meeting of the Civil Service Reform League that although the outrage of extorting party contributions from public employés was not abolished, yet that it had been forbidden by law, and was stigmatized by public opinion as disgraceful, and that the employés were coming, like other citizens, to do as they pleased in giving their own money. This assertion has been confirmed by the report of James E. Lowrey, who has charge of this delectable business in Washington on behalf of the Ohio Republican Committee.

We see with pleasure the statement that Mr. Lowrey, an Alva in the departments, summoned a conference of Ohio clerks the other day, with the intimation that the positions of recusants were in danger. But only eleven out of some thousands attended, while only about thirty have contributed "voluntarily" under the same implied threat. The departments would seem not to be doing very well, and it is a happy sign of moral freedom in the public service which has not been known for many a year.

If, as is stated, the President has ordered that clerks who go home to vote must account for the time lost, it is tolerably clear that the administration is respecting the spirit of the law, and leaving to the employés the just liberty of American citizens. If this be so, it is greatly to the credit of the President. The President who should free the public employés from the terror of this demand from irresponsible party committees, who extort all the money they can and never account for it use, would be rightly described as a practical reformer.

THE DUTY OF VOTING.

It is said in Massachusetts that Governor Russell was elected last year by Republicans who staid at home. It used to be said that a rainy election day was fatal to the Whigs. Mr. Blaine in 1884 intimated that muddy roads had helped to defeat him. How is it that this complaint is made of those who are supposed to be peculiarly interested in good government, while repeaters and floaters and heelers of every degree are repelled neither by wind nor weather?

Last year in one assembly district in the city of New York, largely Republican, more than nine hundred voters who were registered were too careless to come out and vote. That kind of indifference, of which the Tammany voters will not be guilty, would give the victory this year to Tammany. If Tammany be worth opposing at all, it is worth opposing effectually. Every voter who believes that its complete political ascendency in the State would be a disaster ought to determine that his vote shall count against such a result, and if he knows any hesitating friend, to resolve that he shall not hesitate longer.

This is in no sense an off year. Indeed, no year ought to be so considered. But the duty of preventing a result that would imperil even one such measure as that of the completion of ballot reform is a duty which every public-spirited citizen ought to feel. Let every man who sees these lines make sure that he votes and that his friends vote. If he leaves it to somebody else to care for the election, somebody else will leave it to him. Tammany will poll its vote; let all who do not wish to help Tammany be sure to poll theirs.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

In a recent article upon the blackmailing of government clerks we quoted an extract from a letter of the late Street Commissioner Beattie. The letter appeared in what we supposed to be a trustworthy journal, but we are informed, upon the best authority, that the letter was not written by Mr. Beattie. We regret that, assuming it to be authentic, we made it the basis of a comment which was not justified. It is but fair to Mr. Beattie to quote the remarks of the Jessup committee in its report upon the subject:

> "It is but justice to Commissioner Beattie to record the fact that immediately upon his appointment to office he attempted to remedy these evils (inefficiency and waste) by inaugurating a system of registration of labor, based upon a medical examination of applicants, his object being, as stated by himself, to procure men who were competent to do the work, to hold the examining officers to responsibility for employés by making their action a matter of record, to secure greater permanence in the force, by requiring written reasons for discharge, and finally to employ men, when needed, in order of registration, and not indiscriminately. He states that the results of this attempt, short-lived though it was, were beneficial, and that a better class of labor was procured."

According to the testimony before the committee, the Commissioner appears to have desired to establish a reasonable labor system of registration and merit, but was overborne by the influence which is as resistless as it is malign in the city government, the influence of Tammany Hall.

PERSONAL.

The Czar of Russia has a great aversion to having his picture taken, and is said to have been greatly enraged recently by the attempt of a travelling photographer to take a snap shot at him. In this respect he greatly differs from the Emperor of Germany.

—Governor Campbell is said to be gaining in flesh and improving in health, notwithstanding the active campaign he is carrying on in Ohio. On the other hand, Major McKinley is reported to be suffering from the severe work and strain. Both candidates will doubtless be glad to have the struggle over.

—Timothy Hopkins, who is contesting the will of Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, has quite an income from the violets that grow on a five-acre patch at Menlo Park, California. The flowers are sent in large quantities to San Francisco during the season.

—Lord Portsmouth is known as one of the few English peers who have refused the Order of the Garter. He modestly declined it on the ground that he had done nothing to entitle him to it.

—John Howard Parnell, a brother of the Irish leader, runs a small fruit farm in Georgia. He is described as a seedy-looking man of forty-seven, who has not met with great success in this country. It is thought that he may inherit what remains of the estate in Ireland.

—Achille Perelli, who died a few days ago in New Orleans, was one of the most distinguished sculptors in the United States. He was born in Milan, Italy, and was a pupil of Galli, a celebrated Italian sculptor. After fighting many battles while in Garibaldi's army, he came to this country, and resumed his artistic work in Louisiana.

—Webster Flanagan, formerly of Flanagan's Mills, Texas, who became known by his impetuous query, "What are we here for?" put at a political convention, is now Collector of the port of El Paso.

—A dog at Hartford, Connecticut, jumped in value from fifty cents to three hundred and fifty dollars in about fifteen seconds the other day, when he swallowed a valuable diamond ring belonging to Clara Louise Kellogg, the prima donna. But she was permitted to buy the animal at its original value.

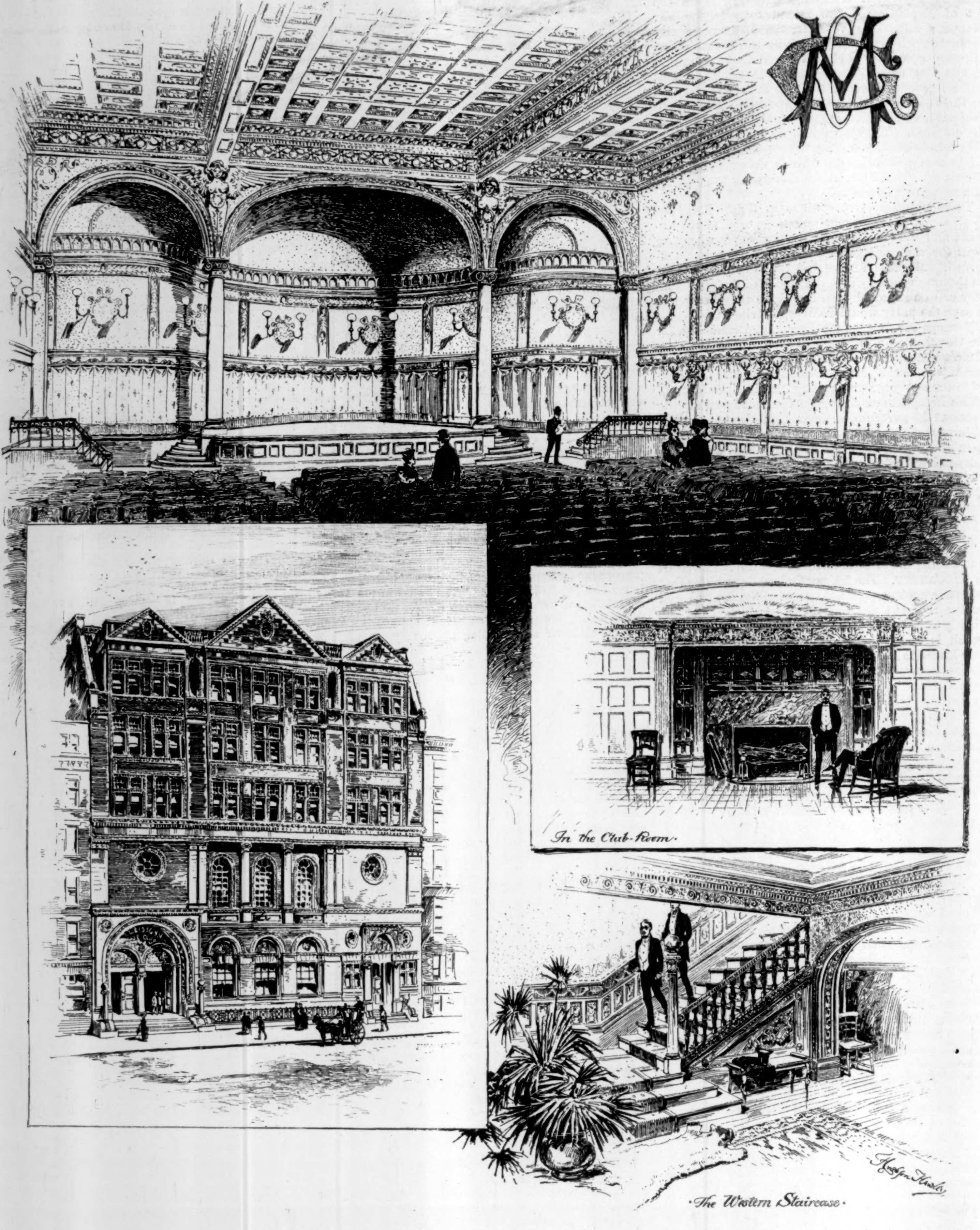
—Those who complain of the corrupt politics of New York city will or should hail the effort to elect Joseph J. Little Congressman from the Twelfth Congressional District with satisfaction. Mr. Little is the head of one of the largest printing establishments in the United States, a member of the Board of Education, of the Chamber of Commerce, and of several prominent social clubs. While he has taken much interest in the public affairs of the city, he has never before been a candidate for public office. He is a representative business man.

—Robert Harrison, who has been Librarian of the London Library for more than thirty-four years, has had a remarkable opportunity to meet and know personally many of Great Britain's greatest men and women. Among his acquaintances have been Thackeray, Lord Lytton, Charles Reade, George Eliot, Carlyle, and Gladstone.

—Musical therapeutics is a subject that is attracting considerable attention among physicians and philosophers in London, where an attempt is being made to introduce music as a medicine for the sick in the hospitals, and several American physicians are also studying the idea. Herbert Spencer was recently consulted in the matter, and gave it as his opinion that exhilarating rather than solemn music would produce the best results.

—William K. Wilde, the English journalist who has just been married to Mrs. Frank Leslie, is over six feet tall and well proportioned, and about thirty-nine years old. He has been a newspaper man for about twenty years, and has also studied law and medicine. Although a brother of Oscar Wilde, he is not a disciple of æsthetic nonsense.

—Mr. Paul du Chaillu, the original (to the present generation at least) of the African explorers, is going on the lecture platform this winter—something he has been long urged to do, and to which he has as long made objections. Not only those who have read his later books on the Land of the Midnight Sun, but those who were boys when his books on Africa appeared, will be glad to hear these stories retold, and new ones besides, from the lips of the distinguished explorer. Mr. Du Chaillu's magnetism and personal charm of manner will be as great an advantage to him as a lecturer as they were among uncivilized people, where his gentleness and kindly humanity advanced him further into the hearts of the African tribes than the rifles and brass rods of later explorers advanced them into the heart of Africa.


In the Club-Room.
The Western Staircase.
Hughson Hawley

THE NEW HOME OF THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.

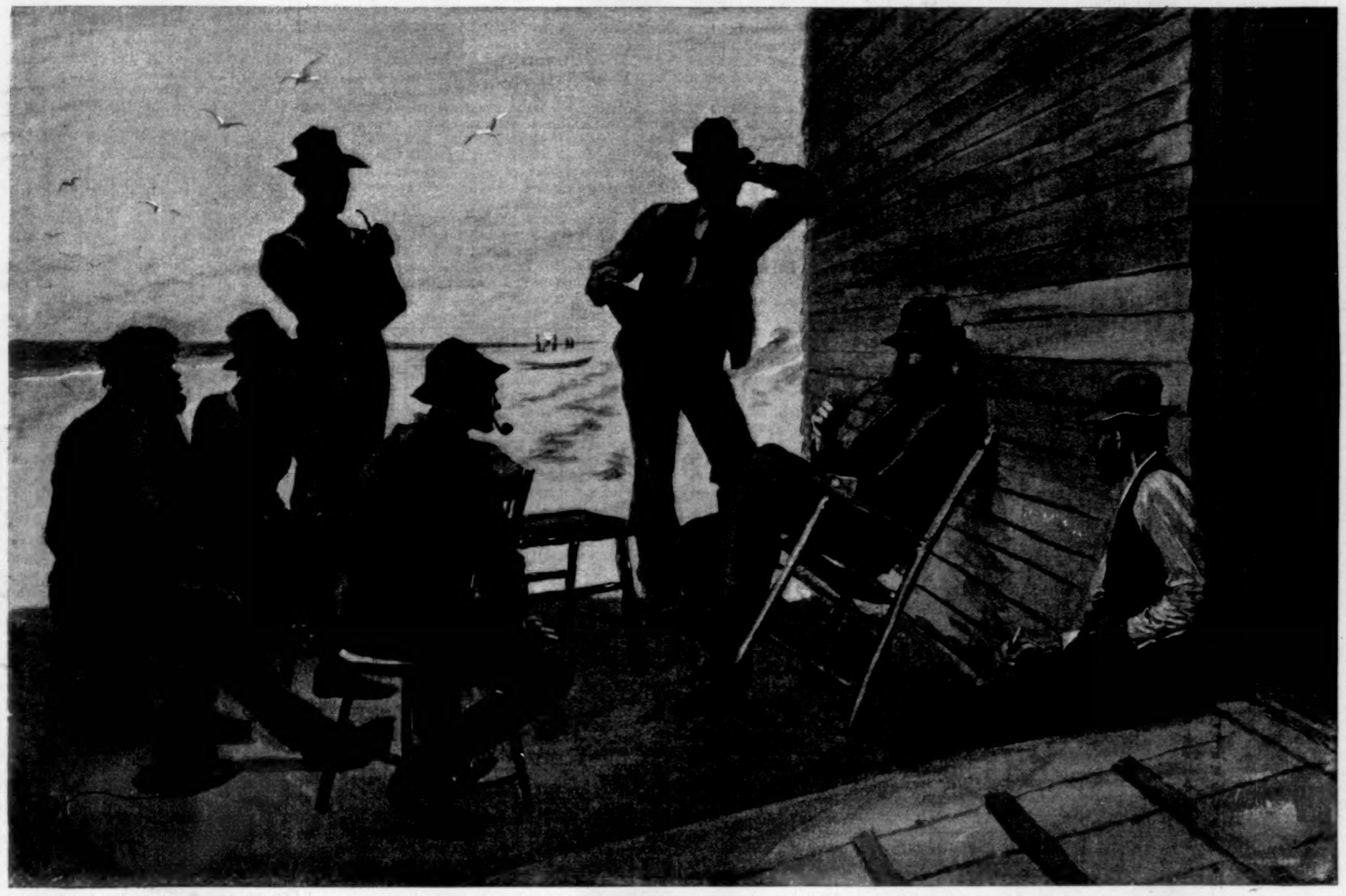
THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB.

NEARLY twenty-six years ago, just as the blare of the bugle, the shrill tones of the fife, and the rat-tat-tat of the drum were dying away in the land, the Mendelssohn Glee Club first saw the light of day. For five long years before, civil war had distracted the people, social ties were broken, people thought of war's horrid alarum, and music and kindred arts languished and withered. With the sweet strains of peace and the acclaim of a united people, harmony where discord had reigned, the divine muse was brought out from her place of refuge, and our people once more turned their attention to the cultivation and propagation of musical ethics. Like all organizations of its kind whose career has been prosperous, the Mendelssohn grew out of a very small beginning. In 1865 about a dozen amateurs used to meet in the studio of Mr. Joseph Ludovici, and practise together part songs and instrumental works. A favorite pastime was to serenade their lady friends. For a year it had a chorus of mixed voices; but in 1867, by the untiring efforts of Mr. Francis C. Bowman, a musical *savant* of undoubted ability, and afterwards for many years the musical critic of the New York *Sun*, a permanent organization was effected, and Mr. Bowman became its first president. One of its first acts was to appoint as its conductor Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, a violinist of repute and a pupil of Spohr's. In this selection the club was singularly fortunate; and as an evidence of the high respect and appreciation in which Mr. Mosenthal is held by his club, something over a year ago Mr. Mosenthal's health gave way, and he was compelled to abandon all his duties, the Mendelssohn Club, however, refused to listen to any resignation, and upon Mr. Mosenthal's return, he resumed at once his conductorship.

When Mr. Mosenthal took charge of the musical end of the club's affairs there was no music, practically speaking, among the American-born element. Mr. Mosenthal has done a great work, much greater than is generally known or recognized. He in reality, through his Mendelssohn Chorus, has established in this country *a capella* singing by male voices, and as the outcome of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, have sprung up the Orpheus Club and Bankers' Glee Club in this city, the Apollo in Brooklyn, the Orpheus Society in Philadelphia, the Apollo of Boston, and other kindred organizations throughout the country. The club's first concerts were held in Dodworth's Hall, then a celebrated rendezvous for fashionable functions, which these glee-club concerts soon became, and have since remained.

The club, of course, had a number of wanderings, seeking a permanent home, until finally, in 1885, it settled in its present quarters at 108 West Fifty-fifth Street. This, however, is hardly a club-house; there is no privacy for the members; the hall, charming in itself for club purposes, is nothing more than a rehearsal-room, which has compelled the club, at a great expense, to give its concerts outside of its own building, mostly in Chickering Hall. Upon its final and complete organization the size of the chorus was set at fifty voices. Their work has been uniformly good, and evidently a very high standard of art has been set before them, which they have made an honest effort to attain. Of course

(*Continued on page 833.*)



THE WRECK OFF ROBB'S ISLAND.

BY LYNN R. MEEKINS.

I.

THEY began by having great fun with the captain. Ten minutes before they arrived, the captain came out and took his usual chair in the usual spot under the shadow of the station. He was not a handsome man. He was strong, rugged, picturesque, but not handsome. Six feet high and two hundred pounds in weight, he was an epic in hardened flesh and muscle, and his face was as full of lines as an etched portrait. His general appearance offered a contrast to every rule of a fashion-plate, and he looked like some big shaggy animal that was particularly lazy because it was especially strong. On this occasion the captain's eyes were half-reefed, and they looked over an expanse of sand on which low houses were built, and saw the smoke of passing steamers that crept along the horizon. It was peaceful, but it wasn't much of a view.

In fact Robb's Island wasn't much of a place; simply a few hundred acres of sand in a wilderness of salt water. But it had its fascinations. For instance, in summer, people—some of them of such good family stock that they didn't have to talk about it—left their best clothes and formalities at home and went there. They lived in rough sheds, by courtesy called a hotel, fished in the inlets, tumbled around in the surf, waded through the ever-shifting sand, and gathered flesh and tan and strength and freckles on the worst food that a summer resort could possibly offer. At first Robb's Island was deeply disappointing. You reached the place in a stuffy little boat, after a sail of ten miles from the mainland. The commonness and the glare of everything disgusted you. You firmly resolved to return the next morning. But the boat didn't go for two days, and there you were! In those two days you got into the surf, and pulled up more fish than you ever saw before, caught a shark or two, became the owner of a wonderful appetite, and when the boat was ready to start, you were on the other side of the island. In a week you were a confirmed victim to the repose of the place, and you remained a hopeless islander until your conscience or your finances drove you across the ten miles of marsh and water to the world and its cares.

After the summer visitors went away in September, parties of men with canvas clothes and big guns arrived to kill ducks and geese; and when they departed, the island, with its hundred people, was left alone in the solitude of the waters. There was not much to do then, and the inhabitants did it. It was a dull life and a dull place. Everybody was well, and the only way to break the monotony was for the women folks to imagine a few complaints to fit the descriptions in the patent-medicine almanacs. A small community without sick people to gossip about is stupid, but the best that Robb's Island could do was to manufacture petty aches, and doctor them on home-made remedies. The idea of a resident physician was preposterous. He wouldn't make enough in a year to feed a cat on bread-crumbs and water, much less milk.

The most interesting place on the island was the life-saving station, a fine house of two stories, with a broad gable roof, a flag-staff, a veranda, and a liberal decoration of red paint, whose contagion had spread over the neighborhood, and given the settlement a sanguinary hue. The keeper of the station and the captain of the life-saving crew, who, according to the authorities, are two gentlemen at once at four hundred dollars a year for the total, was, and is, Captain Zebedee Graves, and on this afternoon he had eaten his dinner, and was trying to smoke and sleep and keep his eyes open at the same time. He almost succeeded, but he was losing himself in furtive naps when other men began to come out. At first they didn't disturb him. They took seats quietly, stretched their limbs, and gazed across the expanse of sand and sea. The captain dozed; then the six surfmen looked at each other and smiled.

The smallest man struck a match and lighted his pipe. He puffed twice, threw his hands over his knees, rocked backwards and forwards several times, and began to speak. "Gentlemen," he said, "this life's getting too slow. I think I'll go ashore, and let some nice girl with a farm marry me; a girl or a widder; I guess I'll take a widder."

There was a pause. The captain's eyes opened about one-thousandth part of an inch. The other men looked into vacancy. The captain said nothing.

"You'd better be quick about it, then," advised the long man. "From what I hear, widders is mighty popular now, and somebody might cut you out."

"Oh, I guess not," said the short man. "Good goods come in little bundles, and widders know quality. Don't they, captain?"

The captain's eyes opened another fraction, and he took his pipe from his mouth and growled: "What are you up to now?"

"Oh, nothing. I just thought of going ashore and getting some things, and calling on a widder."

"Then why don't you go?"

"I'm afraid somebody's got ahead of me."

The men laughed, and the captain scowled, and took an extra puff from his pipe.

The long man spoke up: "You needn't try to deny it, captain. We've got the dead wood on you this time."

And then followed volleys of questions from all the six men. They wanted to know when the marriage was to take place, when he was going to bring his bride over, and whether or not they would receive invitations to the ceremony. The captain puffed away at his pipe, but behind the smoke was an increasing exasperation. The boys welcomed the signs with undisguised glee. The truth of the matter was that the captain aroused was one of their greatest delights. They often said that they would rather hear him swear than the church choir sing, and they never thought it a sin, because the oaths—which, of course, cannot get their natural glow in repetition—seemed to be an inevitable part of the man. He stood their prodding longer than they expected, but finally he blurted out something which, considerably expurgated, amounted to this:

"What if I did go to see the widder? Is it any of your business? If people would attend to their own affairs this here world would be a heap better off. I'd git married if I wanted to; but, thunderation! who wants to git married? I wouldn't marry a angel if she was to come down and ask me, 'specially if I had to introduce her to some good-for-nothing loafers that I know of."

"We're not talking about angels, captain, but widders, which is altogether different."

"You jaw about marriage as if it was a joke," continued the captain, ignoring the interruption. "It ain't a joke; it's serious; and it ruins more men than whiskey. Men don't know their own minds till they are forty, and then they mostly stay single; but if one does marry, he generally picks out the right sort of wife. What's the matter with the world now? What caused all this hard work and this starvation pay? What but an early marriage? If Adam had had the sense to wait for another woman, he'd 'a' done something in the world a little better than stealing apples."

"But, captain," put in the long man, who had married when he was eighteen, "there are—"

"Of course there is. I don't say nothing about present company. There's a few married men who's all right, and there's a big lot who ain't worth a cupful of salt water. And yonder's one of 'em."

The men turned, and about four hundred yards away they saw a heavily built young fellow with hatchet and nails mending the fence that enclosed a small and neatly kept two-story house. The countenance of every one in the party fell—every one except the captain. He ground his teeth and sneered,

"That's a nice married man for you; a nice land-lubberly piece of dough and fresh water he is!"

"Now, captain, you've no right to talk against Henry that way. You know that he resigned because he had the heart-disease. You know—"

"Tom Thorp, I know more about Henry Dane in a minute than you do in a year, and I say he's a lazy loafer. Who brought that boy up? I did, d—— him! Who taught him to be the strongest helmsman and the best all-round life-saver on the island? Who got him a place in this crew? I did, and you all know it. When he wanted to git married, I said no; not that I had nothing agin the woman, but she was a woman, and if Tom was to take my place, he had no right to git married. But married he got; and what come of it? Why, pretty soon he had the heart-disease. Bah!"

"Be fair, captain. There ain't a braver man on the island than Henry," said the tall surfman. "We all saw him keel over out there in the surf no less than four times."

"What if he did?" growled the captain. "Hain't I been knocked out a dozen times? That don't show nothing. He passed the examination, didn't he?"

"But it wasn't very strict in his case," answered the long man.

"It was strict enough. There ain't no sickness on this island—you know that—and Henry was the soundest boy here till he got married, and then his wife and that doctor who was down here last summer made him believe that something ailed his heart, and told him he had to git out of the service or die. And he got out, d—— him! he got out. And I hain't spoke to him since, and I wouldn't if he was on his dying bed. Every hope I had was wrapped up in that boy. He'd 'a' been keeper of this station; and look at him now, a big calf yoked to two apron strings! Heart failure, is it? I tell you it's nerve failure—that's what it is."

Never were six men more miserable. They tried to defend their comrade, but it was useless. Each word increased the captain's anger. Presently there was silence. He puffed at his pipe; they tried to look at ease.

"Now I guess you want to know why I went to see the widder Marling," resumed the captain, with something like contempt in his voice. "She's a cousin of Joe Black, who happens to be at the head of things over in the county just now, and the doctor says she must come to Robb's Island for her health, and she wants something to do while she is here. So she's going to teach the school."

The miserable men were no longer quiet. They started as if a bomb-shell had dropped in their midst.

"You don't mean to say, captain, that she's going to take the place of Henry's wife?" stammered Tom.

"That's exactly what I mean."

Every man had something to say in indignant protest.

"It's no use to kick," answered the captain to them all. "The thing's settled. We done enough for Henry in giving him the place here, and he throwed it up. His wife don't belong to the island, and as he married her, let him support her. I 'ain't got no hard feelings agin her, but the bosses over in the county say Mrs. Marling must have the place, and she's got it, and I've been to see her about moving over."

It was an ill ending to the joke of the jokers. They were too depressed to talk, and gradually they got up and moved away.

II.

Some people still talk about the November storm of that year. It sent more than forty boats ashore, and for hours it kept many of the one hundred and sixty-five life-saving stations along the Atlantic coast in constant readiness and apprehension. Had it not been for the work of the life-savers, more than a hundred souls would have perished; but in the face of cold and death these brave fellows risked everything, and played the rôles of heroes with as splendid a courage and as honest a purpose as ever the world saw. The great public, with its twelve-hour memory, read the brief reports in the newspapers the next morning, and then promptly forgot all about it by dinner-time.

On Robb's Island the day began queerly. A yellowish sunshine disfigured the morning. By nine o'clock thick deep dark clouds were rolling along the horizon, and by noon a heavy wind, uncertain in its direction, was beating the waves into whiteness, and piling up the blackness of the heavens. Rain poured down in big drops, and fell faster than the porous sand could receive it. Then there was a lull, and by-and-by came a deluge from above, driven by the wind into every crevice, and forcing everything animate to a refuge. In the life-saving station the men looked out of the windows and smoked—and smoked and looked out of the windows. The first regular watch was at sunset, but the sun was behind an ocean of ink, and by the time it got below the horizon, twilight changed to night, and the rain turned into a bombardment of hail that rattled on the roof like a fusillade of infantry bullets.

Just about that time the small man came into the room in oil-skins and rubbers.

"Rough night, Tom," said the captain.

"Yes, captain. I don't think it'll be very dusty on the sands to-night. Perhaps some of you fellows would like to take the walk?"

"Glad you think so," said the long man.

"Well, never mind. I'm rather thinking you'll all get baptized before morning. The shoals look ugly, and if any boat gets in too close, may the good Lord help her! Good-night, gentlemen."

"Good-night, Tom."

The patrol on Robb's Island was different from that of the ordinary coast station. The stretch of beach being less than two miles, only one patrolman was needed during a watch. Tom was the first man out. He carried his lantern and the Coston signals. The hail having turned to snow, the light of the lantern reached but a short distance, and beyond that was utter darkness. In ordinary weather the walk was not bad, but that night it was a sorry journey. The violence of the wind increased enormously. It was as if the storm god was using the air as a herculean lash to whip nature into chaos, and was wielding it right and left, backward and forward, with gigantic recklessness. More than once the poor fellow fell, but he was soon up again, fighting his way along the sands. You, my dear sir, with your comfortable bank account, wouldn't have staid out there for forty dollars an hour. This surfman—thanks to the munificence of the richest government on the earth—was doing it for forty dollars a month.

In four hours he was back at the station, and another unfortunate was sent forth to make the round. After four hours he came back, half drowned and exhausted. Then another set out in the face of the storm, and a weary time he had of it; but he stumbled along against the tempest, going down frequently, but soon rising, and all the time gazing seawards, with his Coston signal ready to warn any ill-starred mariner.

As calculated afterwards, it was sixty-five minutes before the break of day when this patrolman thought he saw the glimmer of a light a half-mile beyond the shoals. He climbed on a bluff of sand and looked again, but the snow fell thick and fast, and he could see nothing. Suddenly he heard a cry. He was sure of it, and then, settling all doubt, came the report of a gun. Before its echo had answered the sound, he ignited the Coston signal.

For two minutes its brilliant red flame illuminated the storm. And then he struck another, and for two minutes more the warning glare burned forth, and from the dark water came a second report of the gun.

The patrolman turned at once, and ran as fast as he could towards the station.

Somehow the captain had not slept that night. His thoughts were on the sea. His eyes were looking out towards the window. He heard the muffled echo of the gun, and thought he saw the glare of the signal.

He jumped up and shouted, in a voice louder than the roar of the angry surf, "Get out, everybody!"

There was a stampede, a rush down the steps, a swinging open of the big doors, and in a twinkling the surf-boat, resting gracefully on its four-wheeled carriage and drawn by the six men, had rumbled down the incline, and was on its way towards the beach.

The snow was deep and the sand was deeper, and the work was hard, but the six men had muscles of iron and wills of steel, and they pulled the load of nearly a thousand pounds as if they were horses trained for the work. No one spoke except the captain, and his vociferous tones rose above the storm and urged the men to their best endeavor.

The same tones reached the houses on the island, and in a short time the whole population was aroused. No one thought of cold, or of the snow, or of the pneumonia; there was a wreck, and a wreck would call a dying Robb's-Islander from the portals of the grave. So out the people came, with untied shoes and unbuttoned garments,. running pell-mell across the sands, and trying to overtake the life-saving crew.

The crew was several hundred yards ahead, and was making good progress. By that time, too, the patrolman had met his comrades, and was pulling with them at the ropes of the carriage. They needed his assistance, for the sand dunes were getting larger, and the work was growing heavier, and the captain was swearing harder. A hundred yards more, and the half-dressed islanders caught up with the crew, and lent their willing aid to the men.

Day was just breaking when they reached the point opposite the wreck. In the uncertain light they saw a schooner stuck fast on the shoals. The heavy seas were pounding her sides and throwing cataracts of water across her decks. No vessel could long endure such violence, and already pieces of wreckage were reaching the shore, showing that she was breaking up. She was too far out for the guns and the breeches buoy. The only hope was the surf-boat, and between her and the crew were the great shoals covered with prodigious breakers, whipped into whiteness by the fury of the wind, and full of uncertain currents and death-sweeping undertows.

"The boat can't live in that sea," said a voice in the crowd.

"Live?" roared the captain. "She's got to live!"

The half-dressed islanders shivered. Some of the women whose husbands and whose sons were surfmen sobbed aloud. The captain turned his head a second to look at them, and as he did so his eyes fell on Henry Dane, who, pale but calm, was standing with his wife watching the crew fix the carriage for the launching of the boat. Across the captain's face swept a wave of indignant disgust. Henry saw it and felt it.

But minutes were hours then, and there was no time for anything but the work of rescue.

"Ready, captain," said Tom.

The captain leaped into the stern, and grabbed the long steering-oar. The six surfmen, obedient and watchful, waited for the sign. A great wave rolled in, and on its recession the boat glided into the turbulent surf. Down she dropped and up she came, again she fell and again she rose, but as she rested on the wave's crest, another breaker, driven diagonally by the uncertain wind, slashed her side, hid her in its spray, and turned her prow from its course. With magnificent skill the Hercules in the stern sought to swing her back, but the forces of hell itself were in those breakers, and the vantage lost, human skill was not enough. Before the oar could get a second hold on the water, a great maddening cascade, larger and stronger than all the rest, picked up the boat as if she were a child's plaything, and tossed her angrily towards the shore.

The men on land ran forward and helped the surfmen get the boat back on the sand. And they brought with her the form of the captain, his right arm powerless, and blood streaming from a deep gash across his temple.

Henry Dane saw all this. He saw what the broken wrist meant. He saw the grounded vessel giving way to the pounding of the waves. He saw that the lives upon her had to be saved at any cost. There in the stern he would be at home—he whom the captain had taught, whom the boys had trusted. So intent were his thoughts that he scarcely felt the clinging of the woman at his side—she who was more to him than all the world—scarcely heard her words imploring him not to go.

"We need another man," hallooed Tom.

Henry looked at the trembling form of his wife, and unclasped her hands from his arm.

"It's my duty. I must," he said.

"Then go," she replied. "And may God keep you!"

He sprang forward. In an instant he was in the stern, with the steering-oar balanced for its work. There were no cheers, no demonstrations from the islanders. It was Henry's place to go, and he went; that was all. And, moreover, most of the folks were around the prostrate captain, binding up his wounds, and holding him down.

The surfmen and their new captain saw nothing, knew nothing, but the work ahead of them. As Henry stood at his post the whiteness left his face, and all the old earnestness rushed back to warm his blood, to strengthen his muscle.

It seemed like the old days to the surfmen to hear him sing out: "Steady now, boys! Here comes a bully one. One, two, three, *let her go!*"

She went. Into the seething turbulence she fell, and on the snowy crest she rose. Henry held her true and straight. He profited by the captain's failure; calculated for the diagonal waves, and with firm nerve and splendid strength guided her through the dangers of the breakers. His loud voice rose above the storm.

"Strong there, Tom. There's a whopper. All together, boys. That's past. Now we're all right."

The men never pulled more magnificently, and the boat, obedient to the helmsman's touch, leaped from wave to wave, carrying the prayers of those on shore, the hopes of the freezing wretches on the wreck.

And yet she seemed to go slowly—oh, so slowly! The captain, his left eye hid by the rough cloths which were bound around his wound, arose and looked.

"God bless the boy!" he said.

And the people thought the boy needed it, for the boat was often hidden by the spray, and it looked as if she could not live through the trip. But when they saw Henry standing steadfastly at his post, the men working the oars like machines, and the whole crew fighting the storm inch by inch towards the vessel, they took hope, and believed that he would conquer. It was a half-hour of indescribable suspense, a half-hour that seemed a whole day, but at the end of it the surf-boat was nearer the vessel's side.

Three times she tried to approach the wreck, and three times the waves swept her away, and as failure followed failure, the five men and the boy on the vessel seemed to give up hope. But not so Henry. The fourth time success came, and in a minute the six castaways jumped aboard, and nestled there in speechless joy.

All knew the perils of the trip ashore. Progress was easier, but the dangers were greater. Henry was exuberant no longer. His face was grim, not boyish, and the paleness came back. For a while the boat cut swiftly through the sea, leaping from breaker to breaker with splendid speed. But when she reached the cut-off channel that ran between the shore and the shoals the serious work began. The beach seemed only a few yards away, but between it and the boat more than one tragedy had ended the hopes of sailors in by-gone years. Henry knew it well. Just as the boat plunged into it, a hidden current tried to pull her to her death; but he was quick, and the boat was brought back to her course. A minute more and they were in the thick of the eddies, and the thundering breakers hammered the boat with titanic force. They were over more than half the channel now. A few more pulls meant land and safety.

"Pull, boys; pull for your lives!"

They did so, but there was a monster breaker chasing them like a wild beast after its prey. With lips set, the man in the stern concentrated every muscle upon the work; but, just as he seemed to be getting ready to beach the boat and clasp his wife in his arms, his hand relaxed, and he fell.

As Tom jumped to the oar, the big breaker took the boat and tossed her near enough in for the captain and the men, who were waist-deep in the surf, to grab her side. There was a turbulence of whirling water, of rapid movement, of strange words and anxious cries, and the boat and her crew and her passengers were safe on the beach.

All safe save one. His unconscious form rested listlessly on the boat's bottom. The men bore it tenderly to a place where the women had spread their shawls. The big captain knelt in the snow and tried to bring life from death.

"He must be taken home," said Tom. "We'll do it, captain. Your wrist is broken."

"Wrist be d——!" and the rugged old fellow lifted him in his big arms and carried him through the storm, followed by the woman who had asked God to keep him.

III.

"Like everything else, this marrying business is pretty much a matter of circumstances," explained the captain to me two years later.

We had arrived on the island after a long absence. The old fellow was changed—greatly changed. His beard and his speech and his dress were all better trimmed, and he bore an air of intense respectability.

"Now, for instance," he went on, "take a man who's got his notions set. He goes on through life without finding anybody to fit them notions. You can't blame him for staying single. But suppose that man is put on a island, and he finds a woman there—a fine woman, too—and the circumstances throw them at each other every day in the week, why, what's to be done, notions or no notions, but to call in the first preacher that comes along?"

"Captain, your logic is beneath respect, and, what's more, I'd like to know if an old woman-hater like you has any right to talk about marriage? Has an infidel a right to preach from a pulpit?"

"Yes, he has; when he gits converted. Haven't you heard?"

"You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, I do. I'm converted. Oh, I'm married. You needn't laugh. It wasn't my fault; it was circumstances. You see, after Henry's death from heart-disease in that wreck, we all said the widder should have the school back; but there was another widder in the way, and she said she was going to stay on the island on account of her health, and there we were. Talk about your circumstances, two widders is a whole boat-load. Well, I had to go to see the second widder about the school and so on, and I found out she wasn't going to budge, and the only way to get her out of the school was for somebody to marry her. I swore to myself that Henry's wife should get back in that school, if I had to turn Mormon, and marry a whole county full of widders. So I kept on going to see her, and pretty soon we dropped school, and began to talk about other things, and so on, and such like, all of which was a d—d—draggled—"

"'Draggled,' captain?"

The captain gave a sigh of infinite pathos, and continued: "Yes, draggled! That's one of the drawbacks of marriage—she won't let me swear; won't let me say anything worse than draggled. Now don't you listen to the yarns the boys 'll tell you about the hard time I had giving it up. It was hard; but, as I was saying, that going to see the widder got to be a draggled sight pleasanter than I ever imagined, and inside of a month we called in a preacher. And so Henry's widder got the school, and she's got it yet; and we built her that new house over yonder; and if there's anything she wants on this island or anywhere else, the boys will get it for her, and thank her for letting 'em do it."

"I suppose, captain, that you like married life?"

"Like it? Young man, I was here on earth fifty-one years, and when I was fifty-two—the day the preacher came in—I commenced to live. I've got the best wife in the world. She's the best woman in the world except Henry's widder, who is the best woman in the world except my wife. But here we are at the station. You'll stay for dinner, and after we eat, we'll go over and look at the boy's grave."

It was delightful to be welcomed by such a woman as Mrs. Graves, but it was strange, very strange, to see the captain bow his head with real reverence, and hear him say grace with genuine unction.

Late in the afternoon we strolled over to the little cemetery. We stood together by the carefully kept grave, and read this inscription:

> "Here Lies the Body of Henry Dane, Aged 25 Years, Who Gave His Life, November 19, for the Six Souls on the Wrecked Schooner Ocean View. He Was a Hero and a Christian. Erected by his Comrades of the Robb's Island Station. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—*St. John*, xv. *Chapter*, 13 *Verse*."

MR. JEFFERSON AS DR. PANGLOSS.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

ONE of the peculiarities of Mr. Jefferson as a comedian is that he thinks in an original way, and strikes out for himself new pathways and new methods. The character of Rip Van Winkle had been presented by several good actors before he assumed it, but it never became a great representative character—comprehensive of many contrasted elements of human nature and human experience—until it was refashioned and newly embodied by him; and the reason of his surpassing success with it is that he treated it in a poetical and not in a literal manner. The character of Acres in *The Rivals* had always been treated as a low-comedy character, until Mr. Jefferson, in his memorable revival of that old comedy at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in September, 1880, embodied it in such a way as to make it rueful, sweet, and sympathetic to the feelings as well as quaint and ludicrous, and therein effective, upon the sense of comic humor. Censors of the acted drama said, indeed, that he took an unjustifiable liberty with the old piece, and his relative and friend William Warren, the veteran comedian, playfully remarked that he was "giving *The Rivals* with Sheridan thirty miles away." Yet it was found that the character of Acres would bear this construction, and that the practical result was a more effective performance of the part than had before been seen, because for the first time the auditor was made to feel with Acres in his serious perplexity and well-grounded appreciation, as well as to laugh at his ridiculous bravado and comic cowardice. Here, then, was an independent intellect operating in an original manner, refreshing an old and almost worn-out stage figure, and commending a subject that is wellnigh extinct to the vital sympathy and practical appreciation of the living age. Lester Wallack, re-enforced with the great prestige of his father's name, and potential with his own brilliant ability and reputation and his capital stock company, could, toward the last of his career, accomplish nothing with the old comedies; and seeing himself gradually deserted by the public, he withdrew from the field. Mr. Jefferson has kept *The Rivals* steadily in his actual working repertory for more than ten consecutive years, and everywhere has had practical success in the presentation of it. The new time cares not at all for the conventional methods of the old. Whoever would succeed with an old stock comedy must diffuse it with the alert, nimble, sparkling spirit of the life of to-day, must brush away from it the cobwebs of tradition and the moss and lichen of the past, and so must make it appreciable by the mood if not actually applicable to the experience of the passing hour. This is what Mr. Jefferson did for *The Rivals*, and this is what he is now doing for Colman's still more recondite comedy of *The Heir at Law*, in which he represents Dr. Pangloss, as shown in Mr. Sargent's humorous, tender, and richly expressive portrait of him, reproduced upon another page of this journal from the original, now at the home of the Players.

Old play-goers are familiar with this comedy, and they know how far removed it is from the knowledge and from the probable liking of the present day. Its ground-plan, indeed, would always be effective—a plan that had frequently been used before Colman used it, and has repeatedly been used since. That plan comprehends the investiture of a low character with the state and embellishments of high social life, and the deduction therefrom of incongruities that are comical. Shakespeare employed this device in Christopher Sly. Burton's performance of the Parvenu is a modern example of it. But this well-approved expedient of humor was not handled by Colman with exceptional brilliancy, and, aside from its felicitous equivoke, the piece is not one of robust merit. Sentimental comedy had not entirely gone out of fashion in England when this play was written, and Colman—coarse satirist though he was, and of the rough school of Peter Pindar—deemed it still essential to temper his satire with a little of the current popular sentiment. The impoverished young lady who is an orphan, and who is attended in her poverty by one faithful old servant, finds, accordingly, a place in this comedy, and is at once the occasion and the vehicle of amiable platitudes. Nor is her devoted lover omitted from the scene—the rightful heir to the estate and title that have fallen to the old tallow-chandler, who will be permitted to enjoy them, in the company of his absurd wife and his coxcombical son, for only a few ridiculous days. Caroline Dormer and the Irish Kenricks and Henry Moreland and Mr. Steadfast are wooden persons that long had served the English stage before Colman again enlisted them. But the humor of *The Heir at Law* is genuine, and it far exceeds the conventional sentiment, while the situations are naturally and neatly made, and frequently are very droll, and the drawing of the characters is equally true and bold. This much might always have been said of it; and, indeed, average modern critical opinion, always reverential of time, commonly refers with particular respect to this piece and to many of its kindred, although the custom of going to see them would lapse altogether if it were not for the occasional rejuvenating influence that is exercised upon them by living genius.

The Heir at Law was first acted on July 15, 1797, at the Haymarket Theatre, London, and there is a certain significance in the fact that it still lingers upon the stage when now almost a hundred years have passed away. The original cast is a strong one, and the performance must have been excellent. Dr. Pangloss was played by Fawcett; Daniel Dowlas (*alias* Lord Duberly), by Swett; Dick Dowlas, by Palmer; Zekiel Homespun, by Munden; Henry Moreland, by Charles Kemble; Steadfast, by J. Aikin; Kenrick, by Johnstone; Cicely Homespun, by Mrs. Gibbs; Deborah Dowlas (*alias* Lady Duberly), by Mrs. Davenport; and Caroline Dormer, by Miss De Camp. Almost every name in this cast is a famous one. On its first production the piece was acted twenty-eight times, and on December 12, the same year, it was revived at Covent Garden, with Quick as Daniel Dowlas, Knight as Dick, and Munder, Fawcett, Johnstone, Mrs. Gibbs, and Mrs. Davenport in their original characters. After that it seems to have been neglected; but it came again on May 2, 1808, at Drury Lane, and the chief features of the cast were once more remarkable. Dr. Pangloss was acted by Bannister; Dowlas, by the elder Mathews; Dick, by Russell; Zekiel, by De Camp; Cicely, by the fascinating Dora Jordan; old Deborah, by Mrs. Sparks; and Caroline Dormer, by Mrs. H. Siddons. In 1823 the piece was done at Drury Lane (February 6), with Harley as Dr. Pangloss, Liston as Dowlas, S. Penley as Dick Dowlas, Knight as Zekiel, and Mrs. H. Hughes as Cicely. *The Heir at Law* was introduced upon the American stage at the old Park Theatre, New York, on April 24, 1799, and it has remained a fixture, although not often produced with a great cast. Mr. Ireland records that Dunlap opened the season of 1799–1800 with it (November 18, 1799) at the old Park, on which occasion Zekiel Homespun was acted by the present Joseph Jefferson's grandfather, Dr. Pangloss was assumed by the brilliant John Hodgkinson, and Cicely by his wife, while old Dowlas was taken by the elder Hallam, and Henry Moreland by the younger. The same excellent annalist preserves a notable cast with which the comedy was performed at the Richmond Hill Theatre, New York, on July 6, 1832: Dr. Pangloss, Hilson; old Dowlas, John Barnes; Zekiel, Thomas Placide; Dick Dowlas, Clarke; Kenrick, Greene; Deborah, Mrs. Walstein; Caroline, Miss Smith; Cicely, Mrs. Hilson. In later times, Burton, John Brougham, John E. Owens, William Warren, and John S. Clarke have gained particular distinction as Dr. Pangloss. Mr. Jefferson acted Dr. Pangloss for the first time in New York on August 31, 1857, at Laura Keene's Theatre, making on that occasion a remarkable and decisive hit. He was then a member of Laura Keene's stock company, and her theatre—which was in Broadway, near the southeast corner of Bleecker Street—was then in its second season.

Mr. Jefferson has applied to Dr. Pangloss the same subtle method of interpretation that he applied to Acres. The part was obviously intended as a satire, and a harsh and biting satire, upon a class of unworthy persons numerous in Colman's time—impostors in religion and morality, and more pretentious than sound in scholarship—who as parsons or as tutors were willing for a consideration to become the companions of wealthy vice and the promoters of aristocratic debauchery. Dr. Pangloss possesses a smattering of learning, a little Latin, less Greek, a shrewd perception of character, and abundant knowledge of the fashionable world. He is not, however, burdened with moral principle or refinement of character. He will serve Lord Duberly for one salary and Lady Duberly for another, and the Hon. Mr. Dowlas for a third, knowing all the while that they are at cross-purposes, and meaning to be true to neither, but absolutely and entirely to serve his own interest and the profit of his own purse. The quality that chiefly stamps him in the printed page is waggish alacrity. On the stage in our time he has invariably been depicted as a fantastical comicality, ludicrous but unreal. It was enough if he got the response of laughter. Mr. Jefferson, making him exceedingly comical, makes him also human, natural, probable, real, and even establishes him in rather a kindly regard. You not only laugh at this Dr. Pangloss, you like him. He does not impress you as a rogue. He is never mischievous, never unamiable. He is a scholar who has had hard times; he means to do well by all these absurd people who have employed him; and his light heart, sweet disposition, and jocular humor seem to endear him to all the characters with whom he comes into contact, and certainly they endear him to his audience.

THE TOWER OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

All New-Yorkers have watched with interest the building of the Madison Square Garden on the block bounded by Madison Avenue, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets, and Fourth Avenue; and those who are especially interested in architecture have been pleased to see, as the building rose, that here was something different from anything we had before—handsome in its general aspect, admirably adapted in its style to the purposes for which it is to be used, and so good in design and construction as to offer almost nothing for adverse criticism. The building was opened in the early summer of 1890, and has been in constant use since; but the arcade on the Madison Avenue side, and on parts of Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets, has been but recently completed. Now the last of the work, the beautiful tower that rises from the middle of the south side of the building, is finished, and the passers-by are waiting to see the veil that envelops the figure that has been placed on the top removed—the figure of the huntress Diana that is poised on the apex of the tower, and that swings with the wind 340 feet above the pavement.

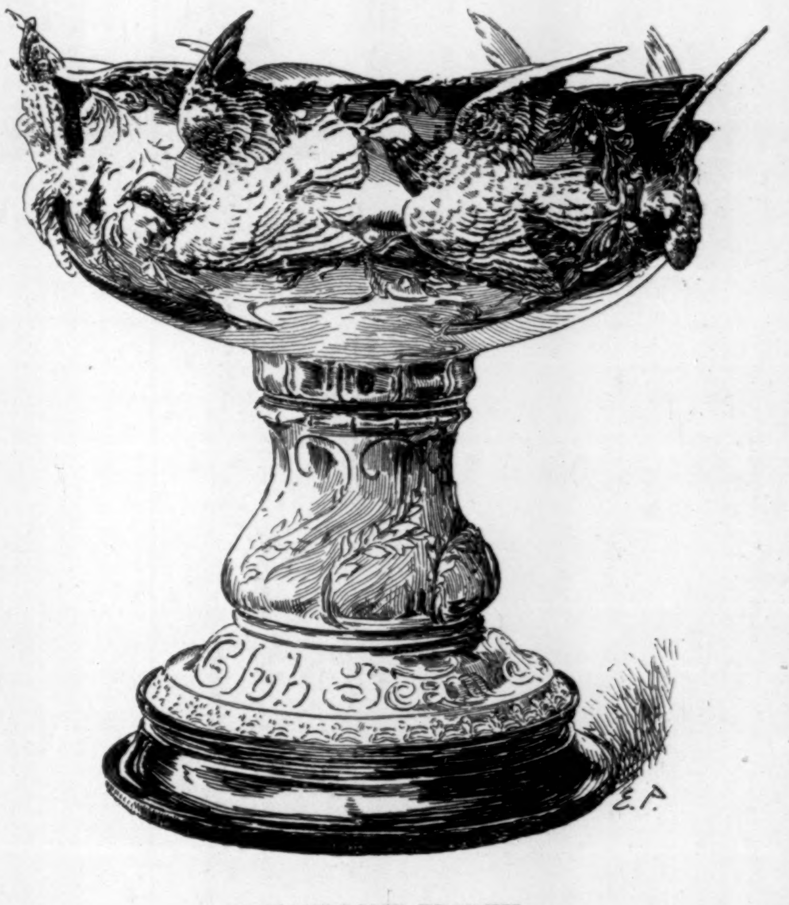
The Madison Square Garden is built from the designs of McKim, Mead, and White. It is of the lighter Italian Renaissance in style, with a suggestion of the Spanish architecture of the same period, and the tower resembles the famous tower of the Giralda at Seville. The lower part of the tower contains two staircases 9 feet wide, winding one above the other, the westerly staircase rising to the concert-rooms and ballrooms, and the easterly one to the roof garden. From the roof garden a stairway runs to the top of the tower. There are 602 steps from the sidewalk to the top. The tower is divided into seven floors between the level of the roof garden and the first loggia, which is 200 feet from the ground; the second loggia is at 225 feet; the third at 240 feet; the fourth at 260 feet; and the fifth at 275 feet. The highest outlook is 300 feet above the sidewalk, and an elevator runs to the second loggia. From that point to the top there is an easy stairway.

The tower is built upon solid rock, with foundations 12 feet thick at the base, 15 feet below the surface. The width of the tower at the ground line is 38 feet, tapering to 34 feet 6 inches at the top of the square tower under the lantern. Nearly two million bricks have been used in its construction, and it has taken two years to build. The lantern is supported on heavy iron and steel construction, the strength of which was much increased after the Louisville tornado, so that no hurricane or cyclone of which there is a record could affect its stability.

The figure of Diana which surmounts the lantern is a wind-vane. The figure was modelled by Augustus St. Gaudens, and was made by W. H. Mullins, of Salem, Ohio. It is of beaten copper, made in two moulds, the pieces placed together and hammered and welded. It is 20 feet in height, weighs 1000 pounds, and turns easily on its ball socket at a wind pressure of one-half pound. It was swung into its lofty position with a boom derrick. The figure is gilded, and stands upon a crescent which measures 14 feet from the tip of one horn to the other. The figure is nude, and a piece of drapery, as if blown by the wind, floats in a semicircular form from the shoulder at the back. Diana is poised on her left foot, the right leg bent backward, and holds a bow with her outstretched left arm, while the right hand is brought up near the shoulder, holding the shaft of the arrow. The form of the drapery as it is given in the picture is the way it is to be finally, and as it appears in the sculptor's model. It was changed for some reason at the last moment in making the figure, but it is to be removed and made over to conform to the original design. It is 341 feet from the ground to the top of the figure. The next highest building in New York is the *World* building, which is 297 feet to the foot of the flag-pole, and 332 feet to the top. The view from the tower is a magnificent one. To the south the Neversink lights below Sandy Hook can be plainly seen; to the north the view reaches over Central Park and the Harlem, past High Bridge, to the Palisades above Yonkers; to the west the hills back of Orange, New Jersey, are visible; and to the east is the long stretch of Brooklyn and Long Island.

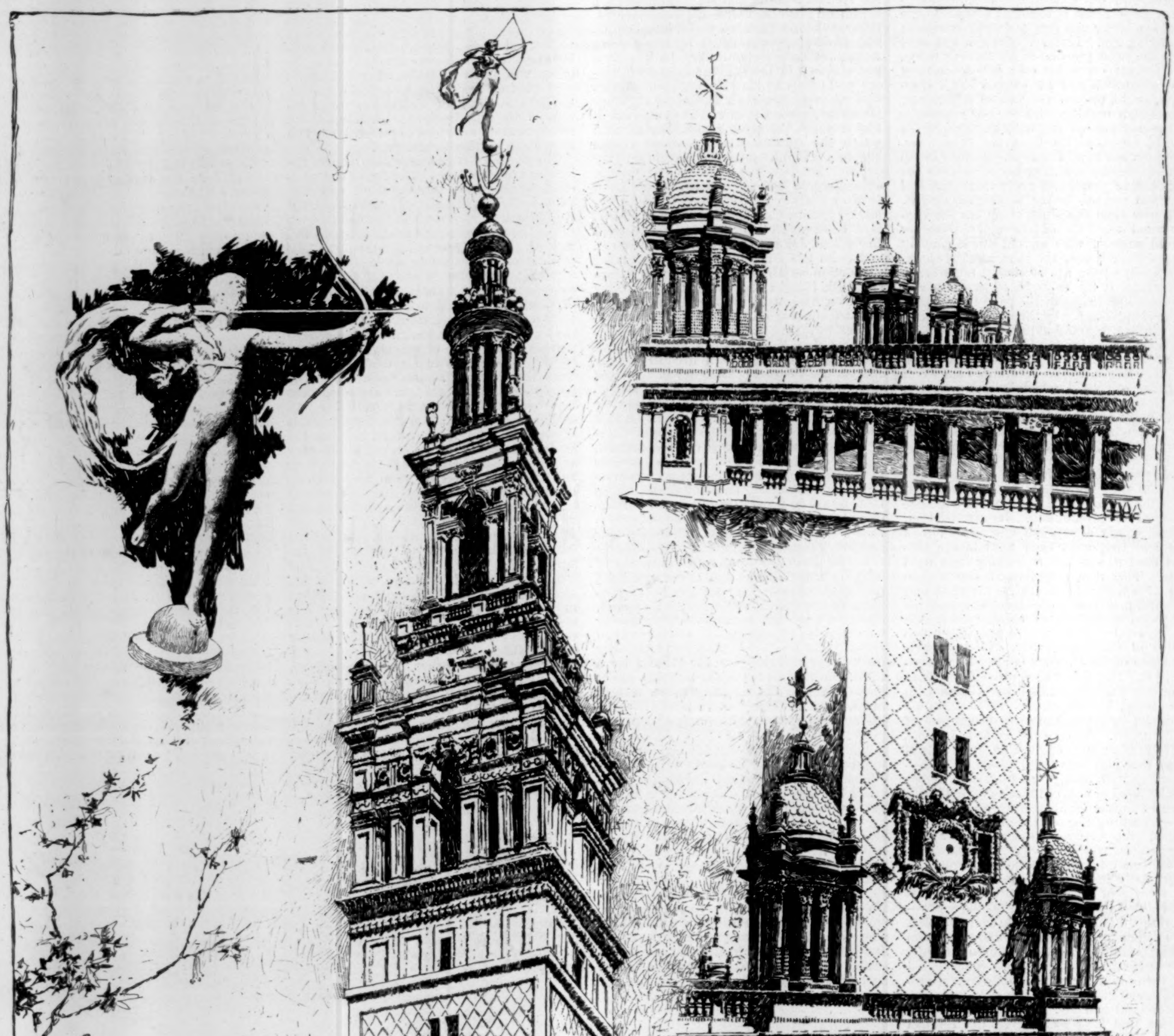
At night the tower will be a blaze of electric lights, over a thousand lamps being used in the illumination. The figure of Diana will be illuminated by ten reflectors at its foot, and the crescent, made of prisms of cut glass, will shine with the glow of 200 incandescent lamps. The lantern will be a mass of light on special occasions, and at the fifth loggia there will be installed the most powerful search-light in the country, with which, on favorable nights, it is expected the Statue of Liberty and the ships in the bay can be picked out. Telescopes, wind-gauges, weather signals, and an illuminated clock, with a face 22 feet in diameter, will be included in the further equipment of the tower. The elevator will hold twenty-three people, and can make the ascent to the top of the tower in half a minute. A guardian will be on duty there to point out objects of interest to visitors, and no doubt the trip to the top of the tower of the Madison Square Garden will soon become "the thing" of all things to do, both for the stranger who is on the lookout for such opportunities in sight-seeing, and for the citizen, who will go from curiosity to see his town and the surrounding country spread out like a map before him. A word of commendation, a very hearty word of praise, is due to the directors of the Garden, who have, with rare public spirit, spent a large sum of money on the ornamental features of the building; for the beautiful arcade and the splendid tower would have been suppressed by a board actuated only by the sordid idea that to build a building it is only necessary to put up the walls that will serve their purpose and cover them with a roof. Happily the company which has erected the handsome temple of amusement in Madison Square has been more enlightened; happily they have had the services of the ablest and most cultivated of architects; and now that the work is done, they have crowned the imposing pile with a graceful figure, by a sculptor whose achievements have given him a national reputation. Will not everybody wish good luck to the Garden, the tower, and the shining golden lady, and will not everybody hope that the money thus spent to beautify our city will speedily come back to the directors, so that their example may be followed, and the claims of beauty be considered along with those of utility when other enterprises of the sort are projected?

William A. Coffin.



A HANDSOME TROPHY.

The illustration of The Club Team Trophy in this issue shows what is probably the most valuable prize ever offered amateur pigeon shots in this country, and as elaborate a piece of work in its way as Tiffany ever turned out. It represents a punch-bowl 13¼ inches in height, 14 inches diameter, and in weight 140 ounces. The body is decorated with a flock of pigeons, and festoons of laurel growing from the upper edge. The stem is divided in sections, where the names of the winners are to be inscribed. On the lower part, or base, is etched in floriated letters the inscription, "The Club Team Trophy." The bowl is richly gilded inside, and circling around the lining, etched in harmony with the decorations, are the names of the competing clubs. Early this year committees from the Carteret Gun Club, Tuxedo Club, Westminster Kennel Club, the Country Club (of Westchester County), and the Larchmont Yacht Club (which has quite a contingent of pigeon-shooters, and excellent grounds near its club-house) met and decided upon offering a trophy which should stimulate the sport by its very beauty. The result was that each club contributed $150, making $750 in all, for a cup to be known as "The Club Team Trophy," and contested for by teams of four members from each of those clubs—the conditions being twenty-five birds each at thirty yards rise and fifty yards boundary, five birds to be shot at in case of ties. The cup is to become the property of the club first winning three events, and the competitions are to be shot on the grounds of the clubs, each in turn to be decided by lot, on the first Tuesday in March and the last Tuesday in November of each year. The first contest was held on the grounds of the Country Club last March, the Carteret team proving victorious.

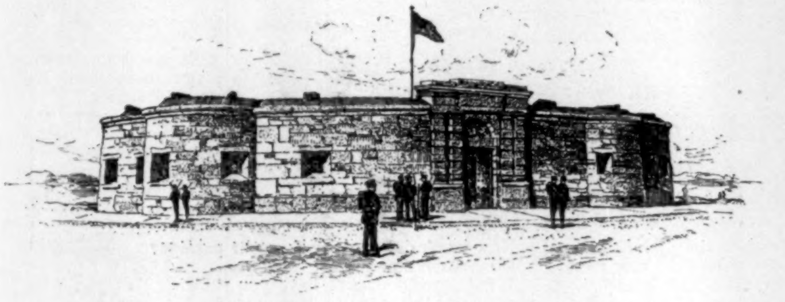


THE TOWER AND OTHER NOTABLE PARTS OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—Drawn by F. V. du Mond.—[See Page 819.]

LANDING THE IMMIGRANT.

BY JULIAN RALPH.—ILLUSTRATED BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. W. AUSTIN.

THE two sources of increase to our population are birth and immigration, and of the immigration nearly all reaches us by way of New York Harbor. Immigration, with the consequent commencement of a new life amid new surroundings, must be very like a new birth to those who experience it; while to Uncle Sam, who receives and welcomes both sorts of children alike, the immigrant must ever be a more speculative and uncertain quantity than the babe born of American parents.



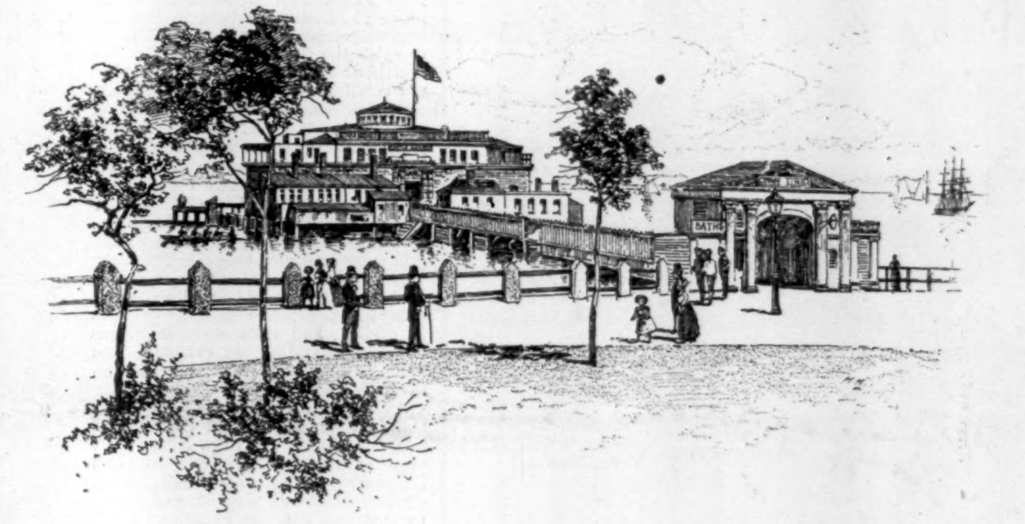
A BIT OF THE OLD FORT OF CASTLE GARDEN.

It was a remarkable day on which I went to this nursery to note the appearance of the babies, and to gather, as best I might, the facts about their antecedents and the probable future of the new-comers and their double sets of parents—their old ones across the sea and their new ones, Mr. and Mrs. Columbia. But, first, a word as to where I went. It was to the Battery, of course, alongside the block of buildings on whose site once stood the original fort built by the Dutch, who founded the city and called it New Amsterdam. The whole neighborhood is equally rich in the store of its historical associations. At the very gateway to it is the Washington Building that has but recently taken the place of a house that once sheltered Washington, while across the street is a tiny park, whose railing of to-day is the identical one from which we knocked the ornamental knobs to use as shot with which to pepper our foes, the British, after we had thrown down the statue of their king which stood within the tiny circle. But the immigrants who have been landed close by for half a century were as ignorant of all this as most New-Yorkers are, so it is not necessary to dwell upon it. However, I reached ground and associations familiar to both bodies of people when I came to Castle Garden. It is wholly unlike itself, and the millions upon millions of men and women who passed through it into the New World would scarcely know it. Once again it looks as it was built to do, like a fortress. It looks, too, as it did when the rich New-Yorkers lived close by it, and assembled within its walls to hear Jenny Lind and other celebrities, before the government made it a receiving station for foreign re-enforcements. Then a high board wall was built around it, and baggage sheds, waiting-rooms, and other extensions were added to it, completely enclosing and almost concealing the grim old red stone pill-box of a fort.

Nearly a year and a half ago the Federal government took the duty of receiving the immigrants away from the New York State Emigration Commissioners, and they, piqued and apparently glad of a chance to be as disagreeable to others as they had notoriously been to one another, refused to allow the national authorities to use the old building. It is to be an aquarium, perhaps; it should be turned into a people's bath-house. Temporarily it is in use as the free labor bureau maintained by the German and Irish Emigrant societies. Happily, the Federal government had lying idle on its hands what is called the Barge Office—a smaller, but in all other respects a better, Castle Garden than the true one of that name had ever been. It is a large and handsome new granite structure, built for the trial of an experiment in the handling of steamship passengers from Europe, and found to be a feature of an inconvenient plan. It was quickly transformed into a new Castle Garden, and as such has been in use since April, 1890. We shall enter it presently with the reader, to glance at the scenes growing out of its new relation.

But a business necessitating the handling of 40,000 or 50,000 immigrants each month, and that has dealt with 6,000,000 human beings in the past 33 years, needed accommodations designed for the purpose. The full tide that has swept through one improvised gate after the other for more than a quarter of a century is still so strong that between January 1, 1886, and August 1, 1891, there were admitted 2,026,381 new residents. It is therefore apparent that in reaching the conclusion to build a proper depot, the Federal government does not appear to be overestimating its needs so much as to be putting to shame the neglectful State officials who previously mismanaged the business. The determination to build and the work of construction followed one another closely, after the immigrants had been forced to land at the inadequate Barge Office. Ellis Island, one of the very smallest dots of land that rises above the waters of the Upper Bay, was chosen. It is the next-door neighbor to Bedloe's Island, on which the Bartholdi Liberty statue stands, and is so close to New Jersey that an extension of the Jersey City wharf-line would nearly if not quite inclose it. The island was only two and a quarter acres in extent, and was long used as the naval magazine. A government architect drew the plans for the new Castle Garden, or immigrant receiving-station, as it should be called, and Major George B. Hibbard superintended the work upon the new building and grounds. Sheridan & Byrne are the contractors. By necessity the island has been about doubled in size. It was thought that as I am writing the new depot would be ready and in use. It will be so by October 1st.

For a long while the great new building has been one of the sights for those who enjoy the Battery Park and those who cross the North River on the ferry-boats. It looks like a latter-day watering-place hotel, presenting to the view a great many-windowed expanse of buff-painted wooden walls, of blue-slate roofing, and of light and picturesque towers. It is 400 feet long, two stories high, and 150 feet wide, and, with its adjuncts, will cost about $200,000. It is devised to permit of the handling of at least 10,000 immigrants in a day, and the first story, which is 13 feet in height, is sufficiently capacious for the storage and handling of the baggage of 12,000 new-comers. When a ship comes into port, she will go to her wharf, as usual, to land her cabin passengers, and the steerage people will then be put off upon a barge, and carried to Ellis Island. There they will enter the new station, and ascend to the second story by means of a double staircase. The medical inspectors will watch them as they climb the stairs, and whenever they see an invalid, a cripple, or one blind of an eye, or otherwise unfitted for an immigrant's future, they will stop such a person, and send him or her to one side into the physician's detention-room. The others will continue on and into the great second-story room, to be separated into ten lines and to march through that number of aisles between the desks of the so-called "pedigree clerks," who will cross-examine them as the law requires. Beyond the aisles and the desks of the questioning inspectors they will find two great pens or enclosures, one 58 feet wide and 144 feet long, and the other 72 × 110 feet. Into one will go those whose destination is New York city or its suburbs; into the other will be put the greater number who are about to begin another journey to distant States and Territories. In time those whose journey is practically at an end will be taken by a government steamer across the water to be landed at the Barge Office, while the others will be carried by barges to the wharves of the railways on which they are to travel.

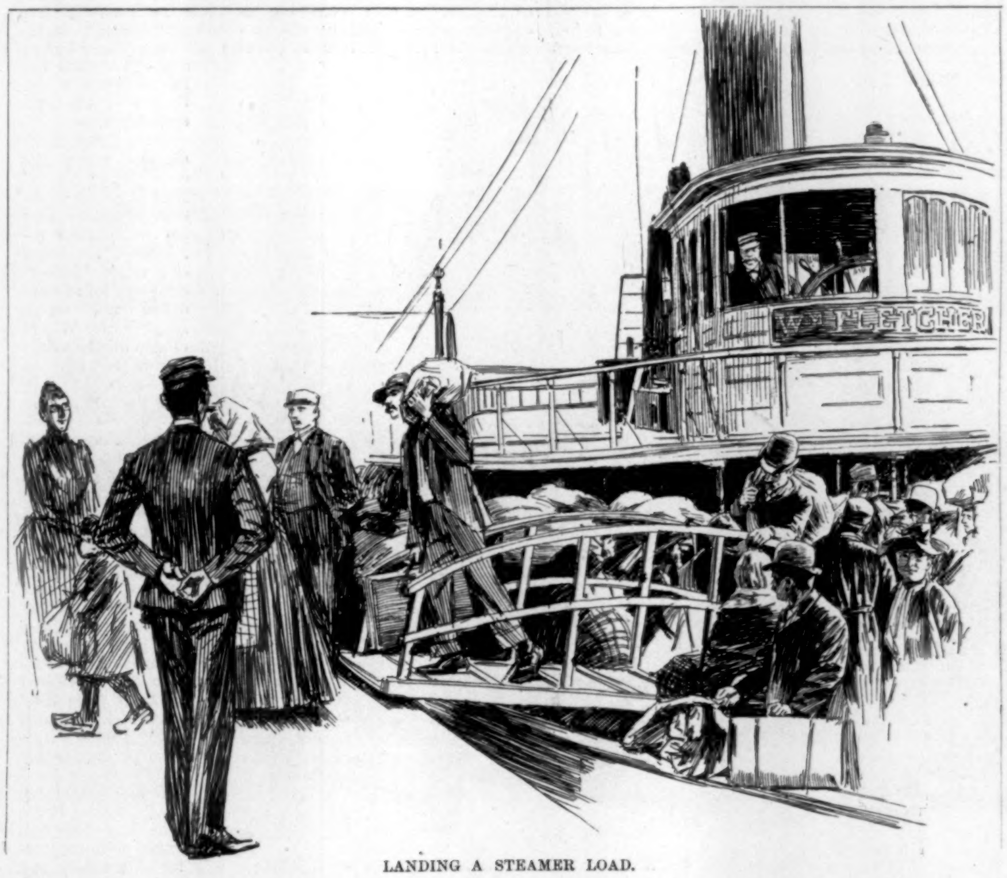


CASTLE GARDEN IN 1850.

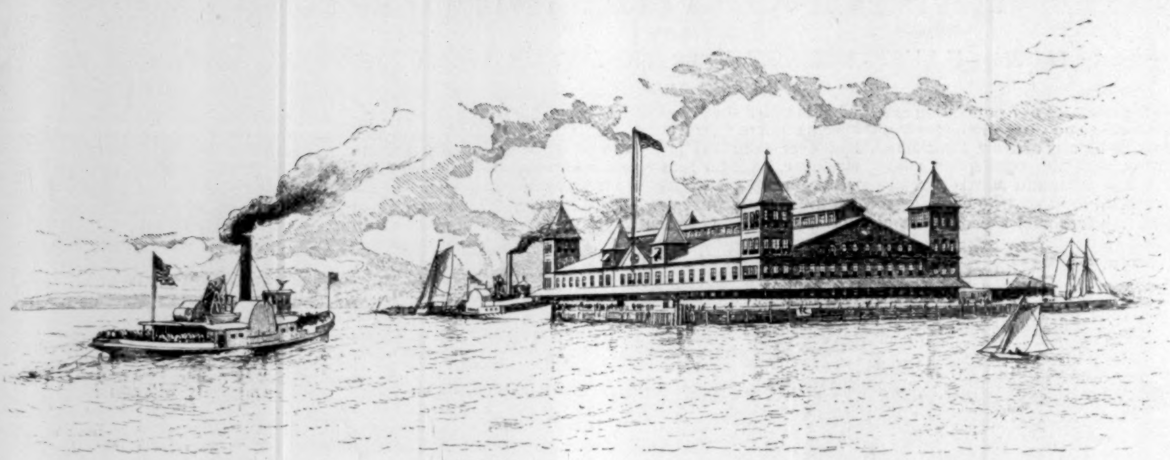
On this second floor, conveniently arranged, are spaces for the railroad ticket-sellers, the clerks of the information bureau, for the telegraph and brokers' counters, and the lunch stand. Colonel John B. Weber, the Commissioner of Emigration, will have his office in one corner on that floor, and General O'Beirne, the Assistant Commissioner, will occupy a similar office in another corner. A great brick vault for the safe-keeping of records makes another small division of the space. Two little buildings on the grounds will be used for a lock-up and hospital; another building, to be constructed, will be a bath for both men and women, the sexes being separated, of course. Other separate buildings, either finished or projected, are the power-house for steam-heating and electric lighting, the kitchen and restaurant, and the doctors' quarters. The customs men will have their headquarters on the first floor, which is otherwise to be used for the baggage that these officials are to examine.

I found the official population of the Barge Office in a state of extreme excitement the other day, because news had been simultaneously received from Europe, Detroit, and New York city that the steamer *Westernland*, of the Red Star Line, was bringing into port 800 paupers, urged to come hither by a reduced rate of fifteen dollars for the passage. The minimum steerage rate is about eighteen dollars. Whoever wishes to understand how sensitive the Barge Office is, and why it is so, needs only to think of how many eyes are constantly upon it. The moon itself would appear to have few more American observers when it shines than does this little building in the Battery Park. There are the narrow-viewed Americans, who think immigration should be altogether stopped; the reformers, who wish to tax it comparatively heavily; the laborers and trades-union men, who fear that it may lower wages or introduce contract labor; the Hebrews and those who are prejudiced against them, both observing the swollen stream from Russia, but with differing thoughts; the adopted Americans expecting relatives and friends—all these and many others besides are watching the landing station from this side of the ocean alone. The place was in a hubbub, and General James R. O'Beirne, the Assistant Commissioner in charge, was preparing a new and auxiliary list of questions with which to meet the suspected paupers.

It was a dozen years since I had inspected an incoming boat load of immigrants, but it seemed to me as I moved among those from the *Westernland*, who were then on a barge beside the building, that I never had seen so sturdy, so intel-



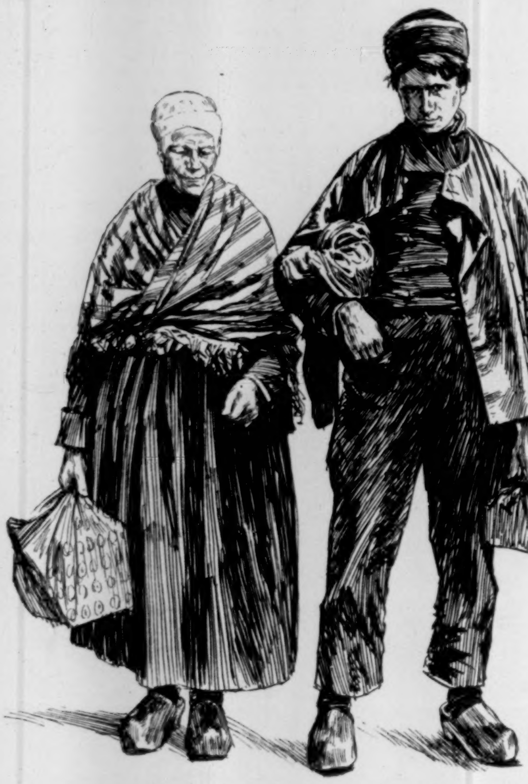
LANDING A STEAMER LOAD.



ELLIS ISLAND IMMIGRANT BUILDING.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson after Photograph by J. U. Stead.

ligent, and so neatly and comfortably dressed a body of new-comers before. And so they proved an exceptionally welcome band, maligned most cruelly by misinformed gossips or by envious and mischievous rivals of the steamship line which brought them. I saw one little group of sickly looking, dirty, and rustily dressed men on the barge. They were Polish Jews. In other respects they and their surroundings were typical of the ordinary characteristics of such a scene there or at the old Castle Garden.

To begin with, I found the entrance to the building guarded by keepers, who would not pass me until I said I wished to see General O'Beirne, and who then followed me with their glances to make certain that I went through the first door on the left to his office. It is evident that sharks and sharpers cannot enter there to mingle with the immigrants.



MOTHER AND SON FROM HOLLAND.

When the removal to Ellis Island takes place they cannot even loiter about the neighborhood of the place, as I suspect, from the appearance of the loafers there, a number do now. I passed across the first floor, where the baggage is stored, and noted that none was there then, and that the barge warped alongside the wharf as a waiting-room for men and women bound for other places was idle and empty. The other barge, which was crowded with our prospective fellow countrymen and countrywomen, was at the end of the wharf. It was a conventional two-story boat, open at the sides, railed around each floor, slenderly built, and bare of even the suggestion of ornament. Except where the baggage was piled on the main deck, the barge was packed with immigrants.

One might expect to see something demonstrative or theatrical about their behavior, some exhibition of joy over their arrival within the shadow of the Liberty statue, or of tearful regret at their separation from fatherland, or of anxiety or fear for the future. There was nothing of the sort witnessable among them. They stood quietly about, interested but inactive. They were not dull or stolid. They were simply looking on intelligently, well aware that there was nothing they could do to expedite their landing. They did not know that they were being scrutinized by a score or more of men—reporters, customs men, Barge-Office employés, agents of emigrant societies, policemen, and idlers. Yet never was such a cargo so closely observed before.

Among them were two Holland women still wearing white caps that fitted close as wall-paper to the sides of their heads. Their feet seemed all but lost in the great boat-like wooden *sabots* in which they had clattered all their lives, even across the sea. There were many Germans there, the women, bare-headed and wonderfully rosy-cheeked, wearing such dresses that their waists were almost at their armpits, and nature's curves were flattened into shapelessness. Any one could distinguish the German men by the fact that their Derby hats looked two sizes too small for them, and their trousers were almost as tight as bandages. There were stalwart, broad-shouldered, muscular Russian Hebrews, who did not look at all like Hebrews, and the little band of characteristically round-shouldered, narrow-chested, sunken-cheeked Polish Hebrews, shabby and greasy. Both Poles and Russians were bearded, and wore caps and long-frocked coats. There were many Belgians whom I could not have placed at all, except as being of possible Teutonic origin greatly diluted, and there were numerous French men and women, evidently from cities, and not very peculiar in their attire.

As I walked among them I saw that a man had been singled out from all the rest, and was allowed to go ashore. He was an American citizen, and exhibited his papers. The incident excited interest, and developed a number of claims to American citizenship; all of which I think were genuine, but none of which were supplemented by documentary proof.

"I vos dwenty year living by dis coundry," said one woman; "my home vos Astoria. I vent by Europe on der 1st of March."

She said that two or three women and a man, who spoke more faulty English than her own, were also Americans. Their tickets or steerage certificates made them out to be Americans, but they had no other papers.

It was decided to double the usual examination, and to begin by cross-questioning the people on the barge before they went up stairs in the Barge Office to undergo the usual routine. Ropes were stretched across the main deck of the boat and a desk was set up. Then, while the people passed before an inspector at that desk, other inspectors moved among the immigrants, asking questions in half a dozen languages and in "jargon," the singular compound of languages in use by the Polish Jews.

These were the extra and uncommon questions which were called forth by the rumor that the cargo was one of paupers:

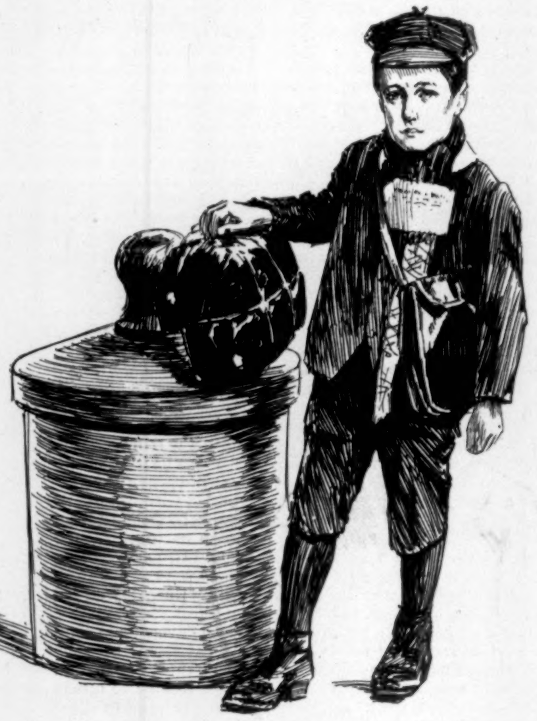
How much did you pay for your passage?

How much money have you?

What correspondence have you showing that you were encouraged to come to this country?

Were you going to any other country rather than the United States, and were you dissuaded and advised to come to America, and, if so, by whom?

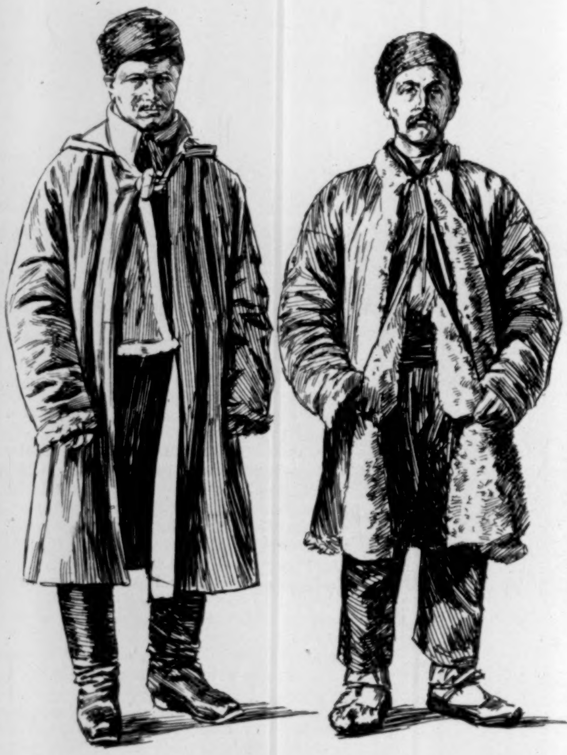
It was interesting to see that the spirit of candor in which these simple questions were framed was met, in the main, by an equal frankness in the responses—a frankness that led the inspectors to order many to stand aside for further cross-examination, some with a certainty of being forced to return to Europe. A very refreshing spectacle that was, after an experience I once had in a custom-house on the Pacific coast, where the immigrants were Chinese, all lying like pirates, and never once believed even when they told the evident truth.



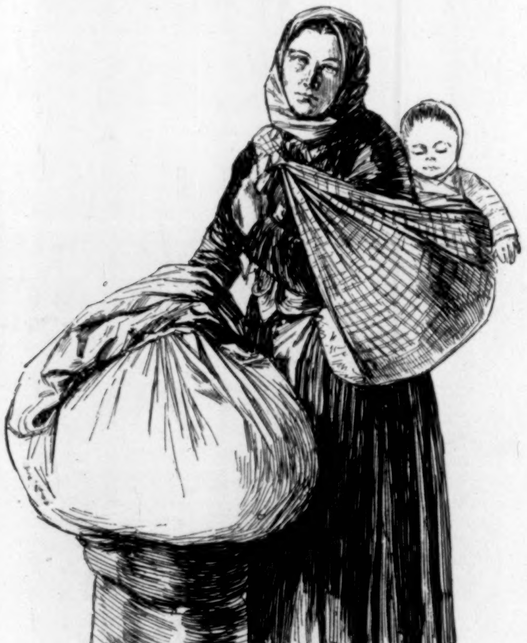
FROM ENGLAND WITHOUT ESCORT.

More American citizens were discovered by this preliminary examination, and this also led to singular reflections, for some of these fellow-countrymen of ours could not speak English. Where else in all the world will we find persons claiming citizenship of a country whose language they neither talk nor understand?

One of these fellows was a French Hebrew, who said that his "citizen papers" were in his baggage. He remarked that he was about to start a factory in America, and had gone abroad to secure skilled labor. The officers pricked up their ears; they asked if he brought any laborer with him. "Yes, one." "Where was he?" "Here he is, beside me." Asked if the man had been engaged with a promise of a salary and



ROUMANIANS.

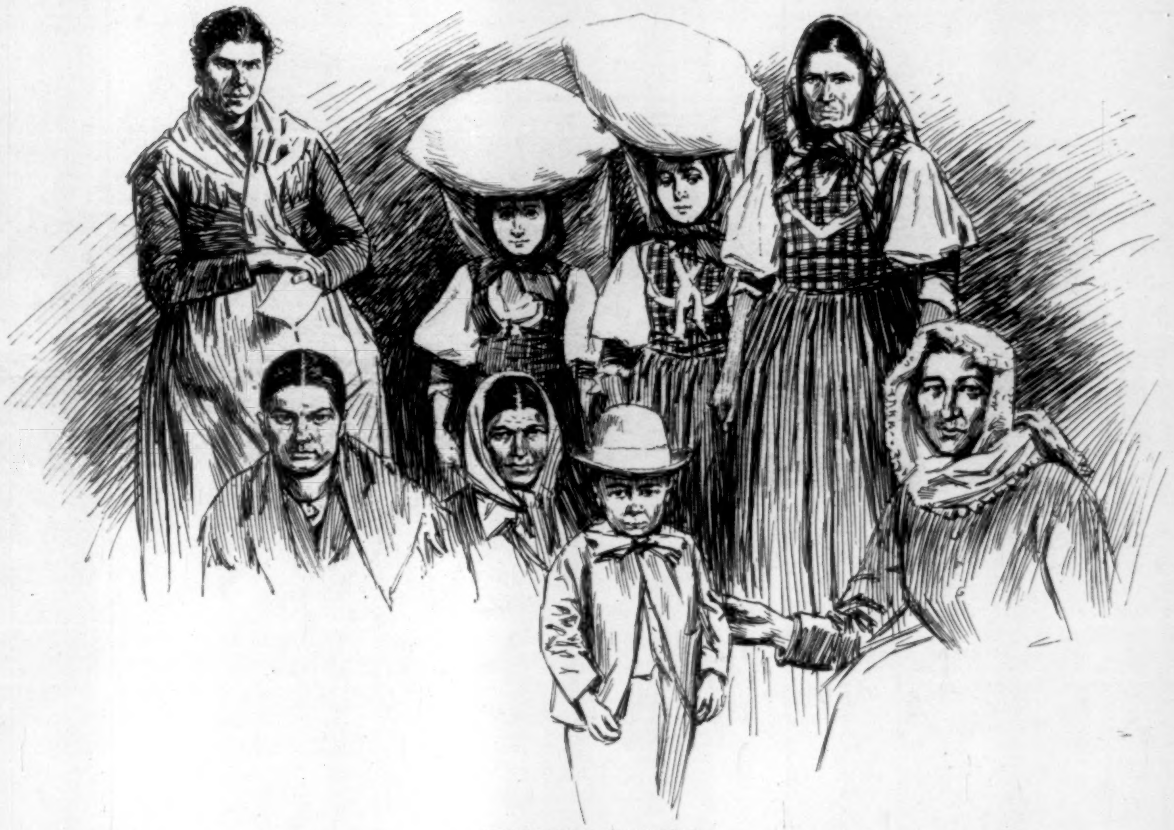


A SLOVAK MOTHER AND CHILD.

regular employment over here, the employer said, "Yes." Of course both were sent to one side, and ere this the contract laborer is doubtless on his backward way.

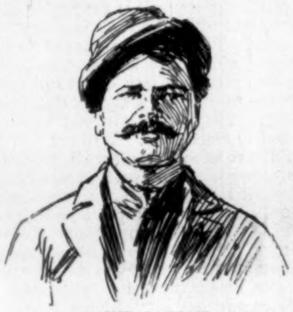
"Ah," said the French American, "if I could spik Anglish—but, no; I spik well only ze Franch, to mek understand."

"We understand perfectly," said the inspector. "Your English is good enough."

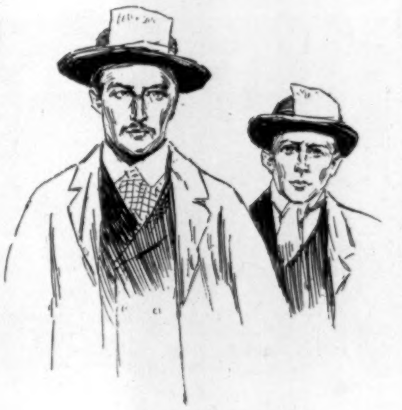


A GROUP OF ITALIANS.

The baggage of the immigrants had all been examined, "for revenue only," on the steamer at her wharf. It was now removed to the ground-floor of the Barge Office. A stranger to the ways of those who seek our shores would never dream, to look at half of it, that the stuff they bring is baggage. The dubious moiety of it consists of bags and pudding-shaped bundles, almost always done up in what once was white or light-colored cloth, but which has become stained and grimed with handling and with the soot of soft-coal smoke. The trunks, when they have them, are not like our trunks. Some are made of tin, others are clumsy chests, and stil' others are covered with cow-skin, "with the hairy side out," or are painted like an Indian on the war path. As a rule, the swelling bundles that look like overgrown puddings contain bedding, which the poor people have been obliged to buy, and do not want to lose.

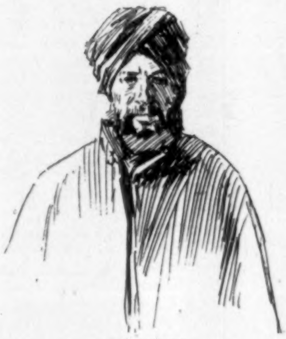


A HUNGARIAN.



SWISS PEASANTS.

As fast as a man or a woman left the boat, he or she went up to the top floor of the Barge Office, to pass down one of two runways, or aisles, between railings, and to be questioned again by the upstairs inspectors, who desired to know their names, nationalities, ages; whether they were married or single; the number in each family; whither they were travelling, and if they had money or tickets with which to travel; whether they were ever inmates of an asylum or prison; their condition of health, their occupation, and whether they were citizens or aliens.



A HINDOO.

Two women were suspected of being about to become mothers. If such a case were proven, and no husband was present or speedily forth-coming, the person would be returned to Europe. Women employed for the purpose were sent for to satisfy the authorities in these two cases—a task that should be most delicately undertaken. The officials insist that no complaint can be made upon the manner and spirit in which this feature of the work is treated. Not long ago, in one of these cases, a fellow-passenger acknowledged an intention to wed the girl. "Then marry her now," said the officials, and the wedding took place at once in the Barge Office.

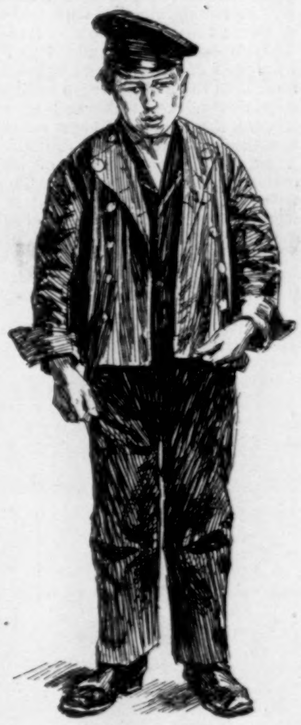
After all the immigrants had passed their examinations (under the eyes of the doctors, who singled several out for further inspection and questioning), the people who meant to remain in New York were assembled in a great pen, and the others were led to the barge, which is kept for lack of other room, in which the railway travellers are held until evening, when the barge is taken to meet the emigrant trains that are always started at night. Those who were to be permitted to enter the country were then at liberty to ask questions at the information bureau; to wire their friends from the "telegraphen bureau," or "telegraphen contor," as it was variously called; or to have their money changed at the desk of Mr. E. W. Austin, the official broker, whose signs, announcing his business, read thus:

Cambio di Monete.
Argent de Change.
Penzvalto Uslet.
Zmian Pieniondzy.
Geld Wechsler.
Wexel Contor.
Money Exchange.

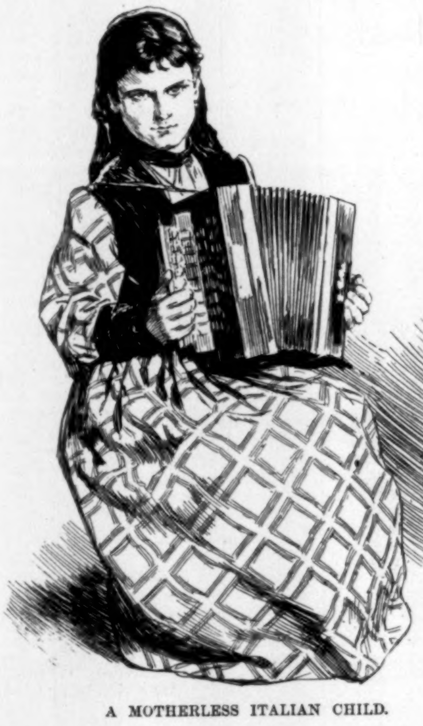
These terms are respectively Italian, French, Hungarian, Polish, German, Swedish or Scandinavian, and English. Current rates of exchange are posted and ordered to be paid. It is Mr. Austin's opinion that the money immigrants bring into this country is on an average between three dollars and five dollars per capita. It is the opinion of General O'Beirne that though such sums are all they may exhibit at the broker's counter, they actually bring in about fifty dollars per capita.

There is a lunch counter, also, in the Barge Office, and on it are to be seen bottles of beer, sandwiches made of junks of rye-bread, capped by great lengths of sausage, and pie, and crullers. When a prosperous-looking Hollander was asked why he did not eat butter on his bread, he replied that he was not used to it; that he made a great deal of it every year, but sold it all, and never dreamed of eating it.

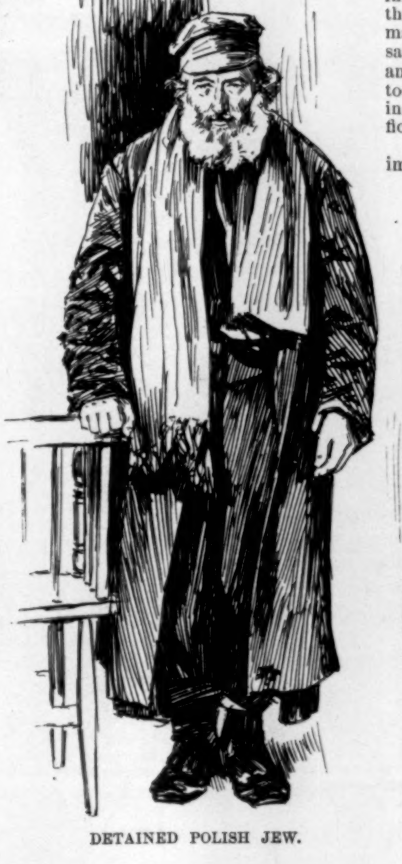
Among the remarkable characters engaged to assist the government at the Barge Office is Mr. Najeeb J. Arbeeley, ex-consul to Palestine, who is an Assyrian, and speaks fluently English, French, German, Italian, Greek, Swedish, Arabic, Hebrew, jargon, and several other tongues.



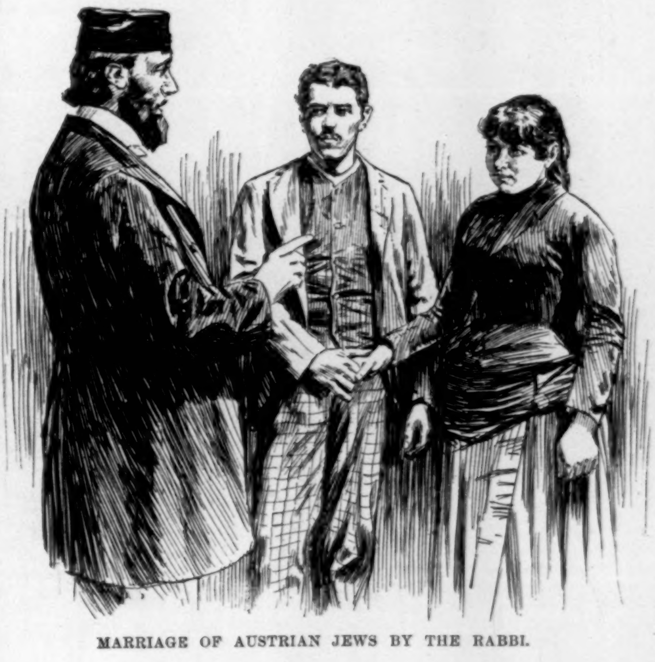
FRIESLAND BOY.



A MOTHERLESS ITALIAN CHILD.



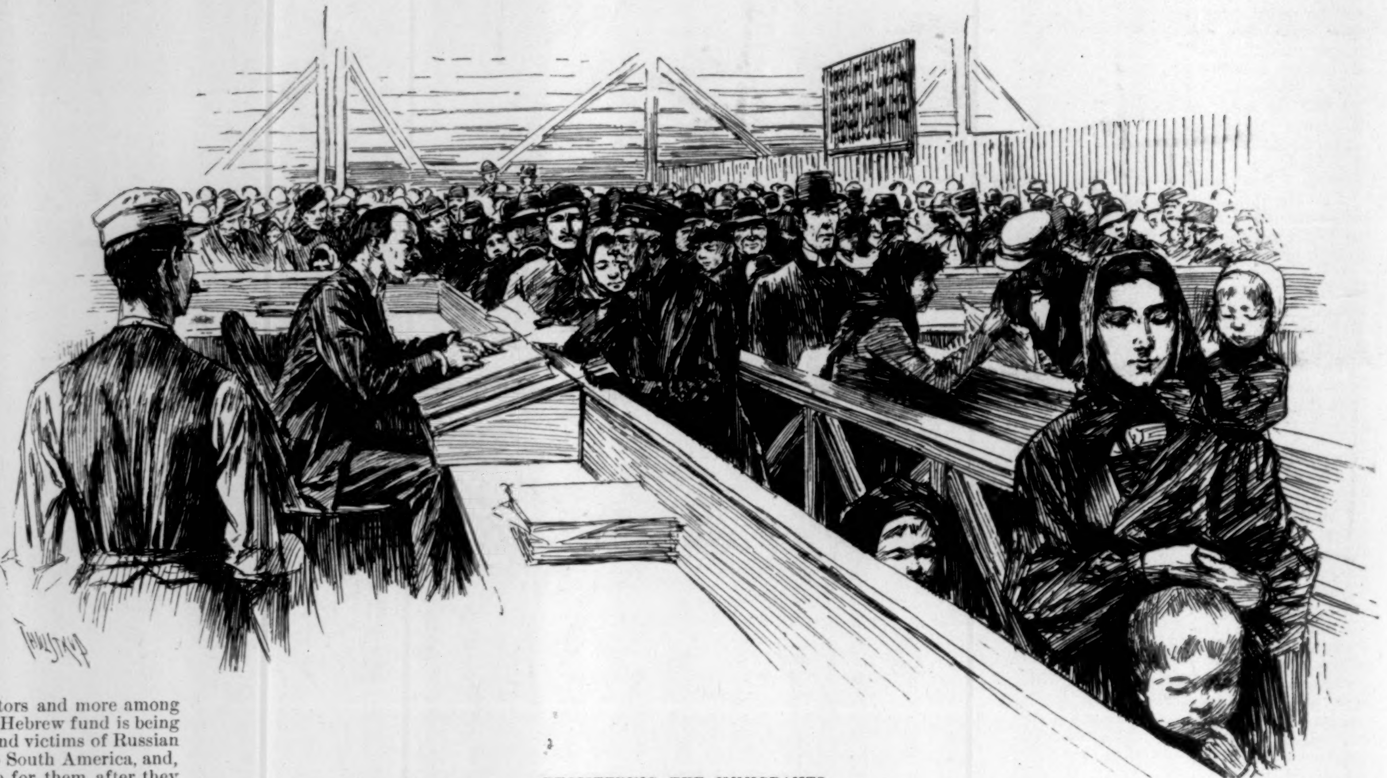
DETAINED POLISH JEW.



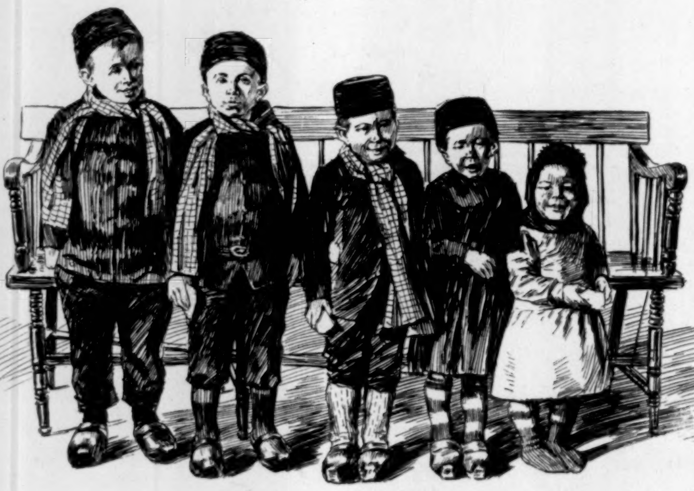
MARRIAGE OF AUSTRIAN JEWS BY THE RABBI.

One of the most interesting attachés is Mr. M. Reinherz, of the United Hebrew Charities, dispenser not only of the society's fund of about $150,000 annually, but of the Hirsch fund of about $120,000 a year. The Germans and Irish maintain a free labor bureau, and they and the Scandinavians, Italians, Poles, French, Scotch, English, and other societies aid and protect their countrymen in various ways; but not all of them together support so wholesale and grand a charity as that of the Hebrews. Their society is perhaps the principal source of those emigrant bonds by which the government is guaranteed against the landing of possible paupers, and against which there is some talk by legislators and more among trades-unionists. The Hebrew fund is being applied in Europe to send victims of Russian persecution here and to South America, and, in this country, to care for them after they land. To discuss so grand and unexampled a charity would require investigation, followed by a longer article than this.

Mr. Reinherz tells me that he gives bonds for all Hebrews who, leaving out the question of their pennilessness, seem likely to become self-supporting good Americans. Men who come as mechanics are provided with situations; those who come as farmers have farms sold to them on such easy terms that it does not matter whether they pay for them or not; those who have relatives or friends here are put in communication with them, and sent to them; those who know no trade, but wish to learn one, are apprenticed to light work, like parts of tailoring and shoemaking, and are found to be able to earn sufficient to support themselves at the end of six weeks. Technical schools and night schools for the teaching of English are provided in New York, and immense tracts of land are receiving colonies of farmers. The story of what has been done and what is aimed at seems marvellous; the whole charity would seem fabulous in any other age. On the other hand, the public has within a week seen Senator Chandler's letter questioning the legal right for the bonding custom, and has also seen reference in the newspapers to the report of a Hebrew trades-union committeeman, who says that the course adopted with the refugees has already ruined whole families, threatens to cheapen many forms of labor, and "will bring about just hatred of the Jews on the part of American workingmen."



REGISTERING THE IMMIGRANTS.

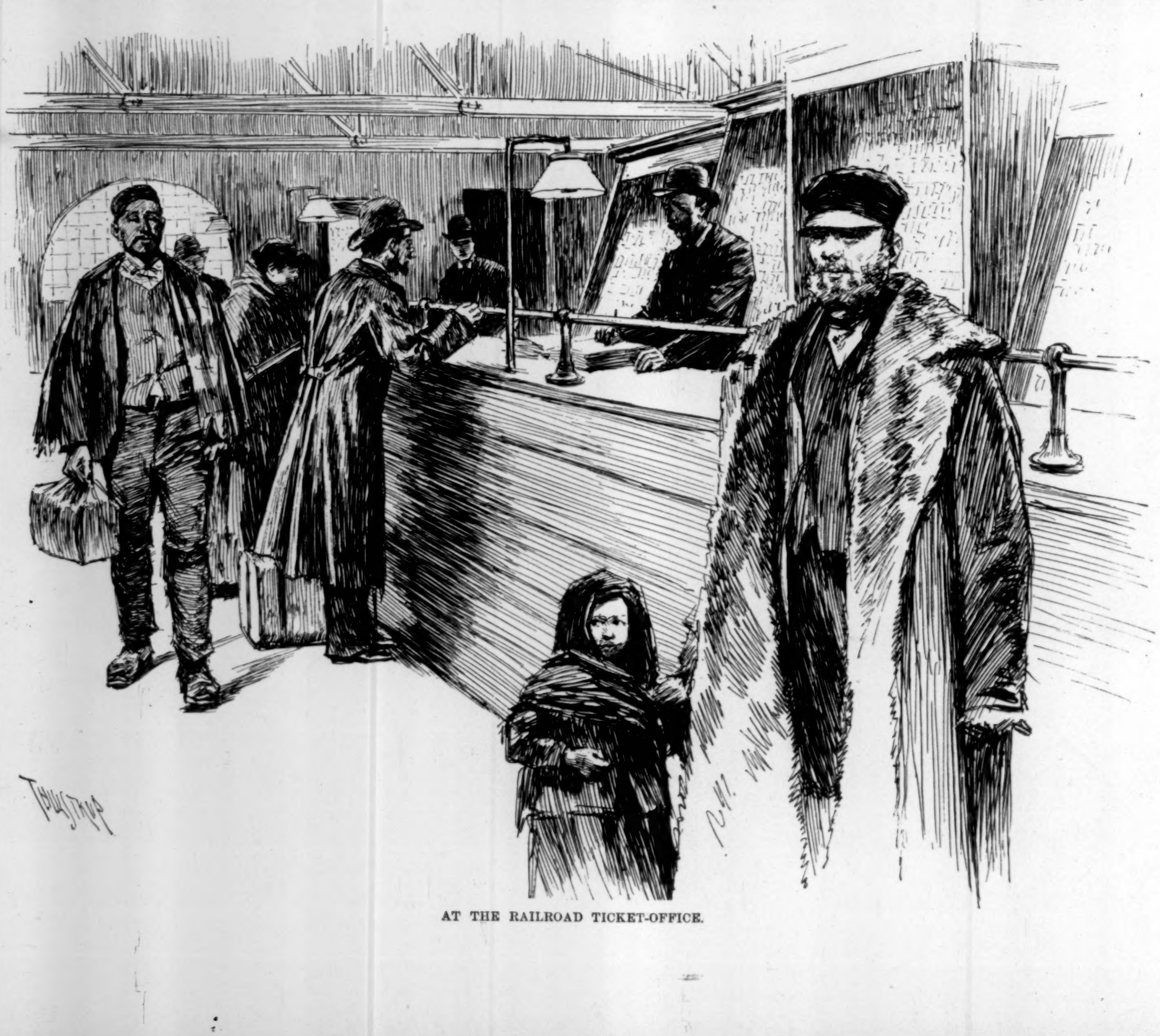


FIVE IMMIGRANTS FROM BELGIUM.

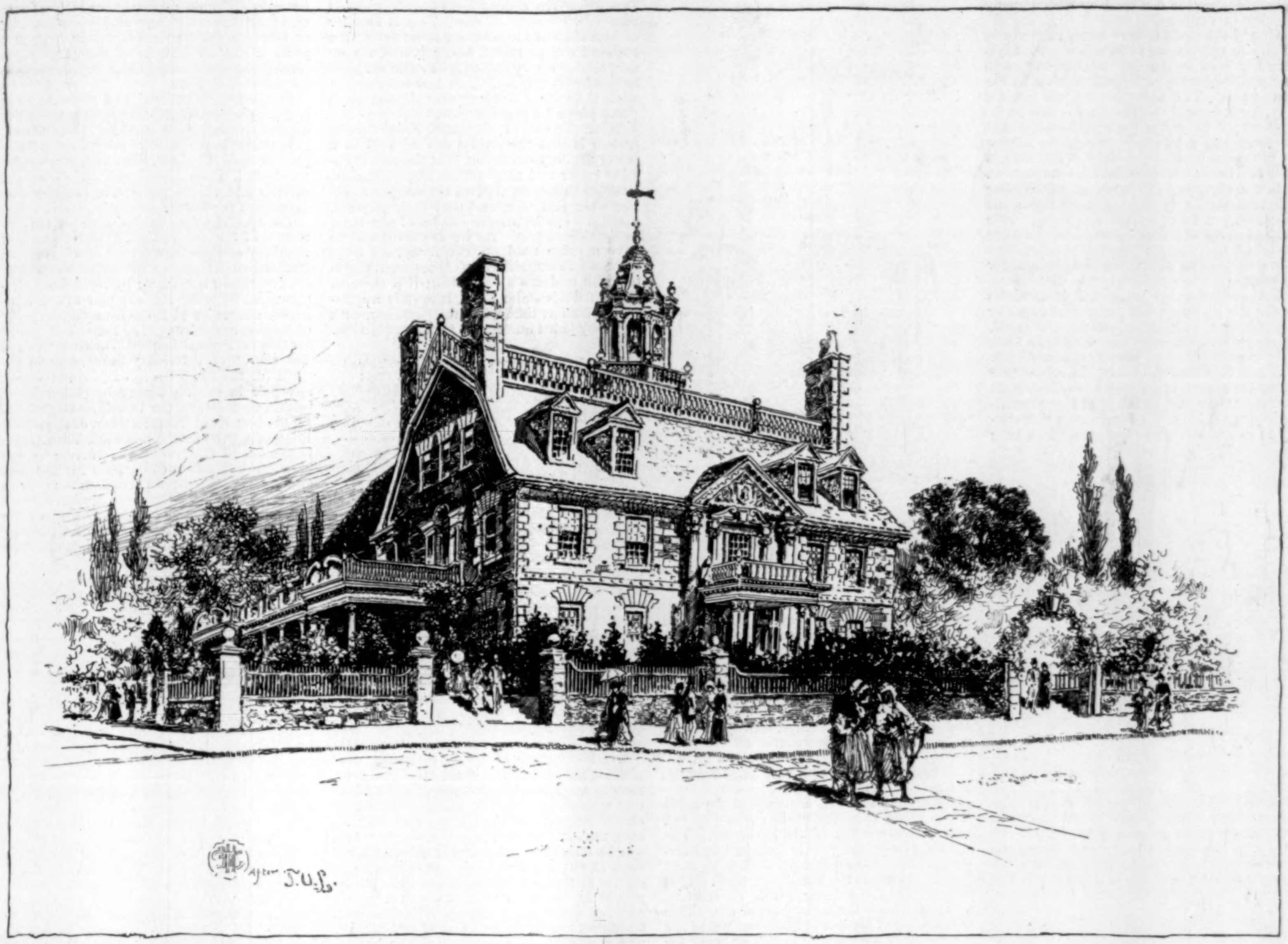
What constitutes a possible pauper or unwelcome resident often depends as complex considerations. The Commissioner of Emigration may decide in each case, however, and I see that within a day or two of this writing he has returned seventy-six Hebrews to Hamburg. They acknowledged having been assisted to come here. Without doubt bonds could have been gotten for all, because they were young married men and women.

Now that all immigrants are housed and guarded until it is next to impossible for the land-sharks to get at them in the city, a new and most ingenious method of robbing them has been adopted by men who manage to travel in the emigrant trains with them. These thieves are called "chloroformers." They carry their chloroform in what is called an atomizer, or bottle fitted with a bulb to force the fluid out in the form of mist. They sit beside the man they mean to rob, or engage him in conversation on the cars, and while he is entirely unsuspicious, manage to discharge the chloroform in the shape of spray, so that it will rise to his mouth and nose and overcome him. It is said that they sometimes do this without taking the atomizer from their coat pockets. By working at their game at night, they easily rob their victims without detection.

However, the immigrants never were so well guarded or so humanely treated as since the Federal government took them in charge, and now that the new building on Ellis Island is about to be opened, new-comers to our shores may look forward to a reception commensurate with our dignity and their deserts, in a commodious, well-lighted, thoroughly ventilated building, away from the city, and in the charge of considerate and kindly men, who, as General O'Beirne told me, "realize that the immigrants pay their salaries with the fifty-cent head tax imposed upon the steamship companies which bring them here."



AT THE RAILROAD TICKET-OFFICE.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—THE MASSACHUSETTS BUILDING.—Drawn by E. H. Garrett.

MASSACHUSETTS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Massachusetts Building at the Columbian Exposition is going to be distinctive and American. The architects, Messrs. Peabody and Stearns, of Boston, in submitting the plans, said: "We have a feeling that in the midst of the mediæval towers and castles which we hear talked of for other State buildings, this design which we suggest will have a satisfactory and distinguished air. It is a reproduction, with but slight differences, of the old Hancock house, the impressive colonial residence which for a long time stood on Beacon Street." The old Hancock house was destroyed in 1863. It was a house to which a history was attached. Built in 1737 by Thomas Hancock, a prosperous merchant of Boston, it descended to his nephew, John Hancock, who became presiding officer of the Continental Congress, whose peculiarly striking autograph appears first upon the Declaration of Independence. Later, while Governor of Massachusetts, Hancock at the old mansion dispensed a generous hospitality, and under its roof he entertained Washington, Lafayette, D'Estaing, Brissot, and other men of note.

The Hancock house was built of granite, distinctively a Massachusetts building material, and to simulate this it is proposed to color the "staff" or stucco to represent granite. In the gable over the door appear the arms of the commonwealth, and on the cupola, as a weather-vane, is the codfish, similar to that gilded cod which from time immemorial has hung back of and above the Speaker's chair in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. It is proposed to surround the lot by a fence with a raised old-fashioned fore-court, which, by way of contrast with the gray, puritanical walls of the building, they would have filled with beds of the old-fashioned New England flowers, such as lilies, sunflowers, and hollyhocks.

A HISTORY OF THE STREET CAR AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

BY HARRY P. MAWSON.

The first means of street transportation in use in this country for the general public was the omnibus, of which the Jacob Sharp "stages" on Broadway were the last survival in the antiquated form. Within a few years a modified type of the omnibus used in Paris has made its appearance on Fifth Avenue, and within a shorter period a somewhat closer copy of the Parisian vehicle has been successfully brought into use on Broad Street, Philadelphia. For years the street car has served as the only means of transportation for the people to and from their homes, and has thus been a fruitful source of development in all the cities of this country where an imperative demand existed for cheap street travel. Enormous fortunes have been made out of these enterprises, and street-car "stock" is one of the best dividend-paying investments in the country. It is not to be wondered at that there is so much eagerness shown in securing street-railway franchises. The first street railway chartered was the New York and Harlem, April 25, 1831. This is the road now popularly known in New York city as the "Fourth Avenue." The first car (Fig. 2) was built and patented by the venerable John Stephenson, Esq., yet living, hale and hearty, at the age of eighty-one.

This car was named the "John Mason," that gentleman being president of the Chemical Bank and also of the street railway company. Mr. Stephenson has in his possession the patent and the original drawing of this car. The patent was taken out in 1833, signed by Andrew Jackson, President; Edward Livingstone, Secretary of State; Roger B. Taney, Attorney-General; and John Campbell, Treasurer. These are magic names, historically great in the political story of our country, and this document, attesting as it does a complete revolution in street transportation all over the world, is of itself a valuable and interesting relic.

The car in question was a transition from the existing styles of coachwork, being the union of three Quaker coaches suspended on four short leather "thorough-braces," which afforded an ease of comfort not since excelled. Its picture represents it as a cross between an omnibus, a rockaway, and an English railway coach. It was divided on the inside into three compartments, each seating ten passengers; the roof held two seats, one at each end, with room for ten more persons. This car was followed by its mate, "The President," practically the same inside as the "John Mason," but with four more top seats, thus providing seats for sixty passengers; besides, "The President" had a canopy or parasol top. As a financial venture the New York and Harlem Street Railway proved a disastrous failure, and after several years of struggling existence the street-car service was abandoned, and the company obtained permission from the authorities to run their eight-wheeled steam-cars, drawn by horses, all the way down to Tryon Row, now the northern end of the Brooklyn bridge, their depot being on the present site of the *Staats-Zeitung* building. Some idea of the complete financial annihilation of this parent company of the street car may be inferred from the fact that their shares actually sold at one time for the magnificent sum of *four cents* each! Now it is a Vanderbilt family corporation, and its stock is never quoted—probably unpurchasable. In those early days north of Fourteenth Street was almost a trackless waste, no streets were laid out, and the New York and Harlem Street-car Company was obliged to purchase the right of way right out to Harlem, through the various farm lands; so that to this day its cars run on its own property. Steam-cars on this road ran as far south as Fourteenth Street; but on the 4th of July, 1838 or '9, a train stopped for some reason just about opposite where the present Y. M. C. A. building stands at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. The engine, of course, was the old type high-pressure kind, and, owing to some carelessness on the part of the engineer, the boiler exploded, killing and injuring a number of citizens. This accident led to the passage of an ordinance by the city authorities prohibiting steam below Twenty-seventh Street, which practically established the company's depot at that point, and brought into existence the building subsequently familiarly known as the Madison Square Garden, which in turn has been razed, and has given place to a mammoth amusement building.

In the original street car the passengers were seated crosswise. The first car with an aisle down the centre was used on the Boston and Lowell road as early as 1834; and when the New York and Harlem road resumed its street-car service in 1845, it brought into use (Fig. 2) the first street car that clearly resembled those of to-day. Of course it was a very plain affair—in fact a veritable pine box—and immensely heavy, probably weighing 7000 to 8000 pounds, whereas to-day a first-class two-horse car rarely weighs over 3500 pounds. At first most of the cars had top seats, a revival of which is seen on some of the omnibuses at present in use on Fifth Avenue. No street-car company was organized again until 1853, when the Third and Sixth Avenue lines were built, to be followed in 1854 by the Eighth Avenue, and in 1859 by the Ninth Avenue. In the mean while Boston had gotten fairly under way in 1854, and Philadelphia in 1857, although none were in operation in Boston until 1856, and by 1859 the street car became an institution throughout the land.

In 1864 the abominable so-called "bobtail" or fare-box car made its first appearance. This was nothing more than an omnibus swung on wheels, and was made to revolve, as in those days the turn-table was a thing of the future.

A great step forward in the construction of the street car was the introduction of the summer or excursion car, as it was first called. In our climate these cars proved a great boon to the public, and also a source of increased revenue to the companies.

The first foreign country to become acquainted with the street car was England. There, in 1860, the erratic George Francis Train, Esq., made a characteristic endeavor to introduce street cars. His first attempt was at Birkenhead, but it fell through by reason of mismanagement, and when one was started in London, it bred a riot, and the people tore up the rails. That popular antagonism gave the project such a set-back in England that it did not recover for ten years. Now, however, they are in popular use all over England.

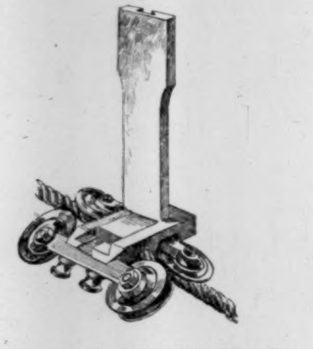
In 1866 South America plunged into street-railway enterprises for the improvement of nearly all the principal cities of the continent. Naturally, climatic conditions have created some very curious and amusing types of cars. One of the most interesting street railways in the world is that in the Argentine Republic, which radiates east and west from Buenos Ayres, connecting that city with interior towns. The line is about two hundred miles long, the main line itself being eighty miles. The reason for the use of horse-power upon this road is obvious—coal is worth eleven dollars a ton, and a good horse can be bought for twenty dollars.

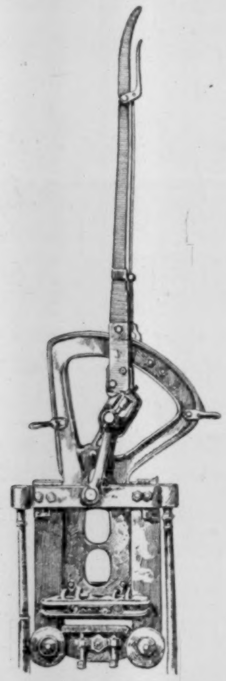
An interesting car on this line is the funeral car, of which Fig. 11 shows the exterior. These cars are painted a blue-black, decorated with passion-flowers and gold striping, and fitted up inside with black plush and curtains to match. The first-class funeral cars carry one body only; the second class, two; while the third class is a kind of morgue on wheels, which comes prominently into use during epidemics. The slowness of the travel necessitates a sleeping-car, Fig. 1. It is divided much about the same as a Pullman "sleeper," is seventeen feet long, and has four sections, each with an upper and lower berth; also toilet-rooms, and an alcove for a stove. In this tropical land they freight live chickens just as they do the passengers, dead or alive; Fig. 5 shows the chicken car in use on this road; the car makes a series of collections from the various towns, and then proceeds on its journey to Buenos Ayres. The regular car on this tramway is represented by Fig. 9, divided into first and second class, with the roof designed to hold the baggage. Fig. 12 shows a combination car, used considerably in Chili; also Fig. 3, which, with its parasol top, brings us back to the old "President," the second street car ever built. Fig. 6 is an inspection car used by the company officials in Venezuela.

One of the curiosities of street railways in Chili are the women conductors. This system has been in use for over six years, and has operated with entire satisfaction to the companies. The women work ten hours a day, have a small stool to sit on, require no "spotters" to prove their dishonesty, and in every way are fully as competent as men in the same position; their pay, however, is only two-thirds that of their male competitors.

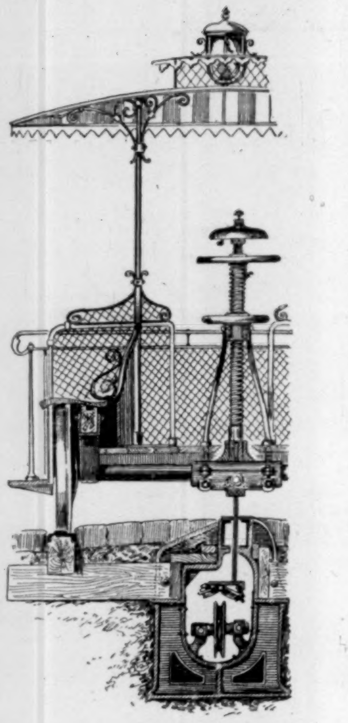
For many years the brightest engineering minds have been at work to devise some motor power to supersede the horse. It is evident from the wide-spread and growing favor of the "cable," that the companies think they have found the long-looked-for substitute.

The endless cable to be laid in conduits under the highway for street cars is really the invention, in its primitive form, of one J. C. Stewart, of Philadelphia, as early as 1854, but was never put into practical use until Mr. Andrew S. Hallidie, of San Francisco, perfected the system, and with his associates built the Clay Street Hill Railroad of San Francisco, in August, 1873. The system consists simply of an endless wire rope placed in a tube (having a narrow slot from one-half to three-quarters inch wide) beneath the surface and between the rails, maintained in its position by means of sheaves, rollers, or wheels. The rope is kept continuously in motion by a stationary steam-engine at either end of the line, or at any convenient point between the two extremes. A gripping attachment at the end of a vertical steel rod connected with the car, and passing through the narrow slot in the tube, transmits the motion of the cable to the car.





The speed at which the car moves is determined by the rapidity of the cable, and this is regulated by the revolutions of the driving wheel at the stationary engine. The rope is made of steel wire about three inches in circumference, is supported every thirty-nine feet on eleven-inch sheaves, but does not run directly under the slot, but to one side of it, to prevent sand and drift from falling on the rope, and to enable the foot of the gripping attachment to pass by and under the upper sheaves and over the lower sheaves in the tube. The connection between the cars on the street and the travelling rope is by means of this gripping attachment, as shown in the illustration. The grip is worked by a lever, and is the one now generally employed by all the companies. It is formed of two frames, one sliding inside the other. The outer one is secured to the grip bar on the forward truck by bolts, and carries the lower jaw; while the inner frame, which slides up and down upon the outer one, carries the upper jaw, the quadrant, the operating lever, and adjusting mechanism, and is held in place by guide plates extending across the inside frame, and between which it slides. The frame carrying the jaws passes through the slot directly down alongside the cable without offset. The grip bar, on which these parts are mounted, is secured and supported by a frame on the running gear or truck, and not on the car itself. The car body, therefore, can be mounted on springs without any of the *spring motion* being imparted to the grip, and through it to the cable. In the way in which this grip is constructed all the parts liable to get out of order are accessible, and it is not necessary to provide pits in which to examine them.



When the car is at a standstill the cable passes along over the chilled iron grooved rollers at each end of the lower die. The lever operating the grip is then inclined forward. When the gripman desires to start the car, he draws the hand lever back. This action moves the inner frame downward, carrying with it the upper jaw, or die. This die consists of a piece of brass secured in the lower end of the sliding part. The lower die is a shorter piece of brass fitted lengthwise between the two rollers. This is arranged with set-screws, to be raised to take up wear. The upper die is longer than the lower, and as it is forced down by the inner frame it rests on the moving cable, and pushes or presses it tight on the rollers before pressing it on the lower die. Gradual motion is thus imparted to the car without jerk or jar. A still further downward motion of the upper die forces the rope or cable on the lower die, the cable thus being held tightly between the dies. A reverse motion of the lever raises the frame and upper die, and releases the cable, and allows it to run through freely without imparting any motion to the car, which is then brought to a standstill by the action of the brakes. These inventions are severally the property of the National and Pacific Cable Railway Companies.

When the cable road came first into use, the companies sought to use their old rolling stock, and hence came into existence what is called the "dummy," or "grip car," Fig. 10. This "grip car" is the most commonly used on the cable roads in the West. The car is about eighteen feet six inches long, and seats twenty-four passengers; the "grip well," or "grip aisle," runs the entire length of the car, and the gripman stands exactly in the centre; there is a step or foot-board running along the side of the car; each seat holds two passengers, and is reversible. An excellent idea of a "cable train" can be gleaned from Fig. 7. The street-railway companies, however, have finally settled upon a composite car—one that combines "dummy," or "grip car," and passenger car all in one, as seen in Fig. 8. The body of this car is twenty-four feet long, with four feet for platforms. The rear compartment is sixteen feet long, and the front one eight feet. The gripman will stand in a V-shaped well, the passengers seated back to him. This compartment will be used as a "smoker," and this type of car, it is generally understood, will be that used on Broadway when that road begins to operate the cable, besides, no doubt, using their other cars in the busiest hours of the day.

The Third Avenue road of New York proposes to use a car built on the same principle reversed, as the "smoker" is to be at the rear end of the car. These heavy cable cars are run upon two four-wheel trucks having a pivot or swivel as on steam railroad coaches; the rear truck carries the track brake, which is between the wheels on each side; in addition, there are the usual wheel brakes. The forward truck carries the grip and brake levers; a rod connecting the rock shelf of the track brakes with the hand-lever on the forward truck, thus enabling the car to turn curves easily and to ride without jolt. This invention was devised by Henry Root, of San Francisco, and is the property of the National and Pacific Railway Companies of New York and San Francisco. The San Francisco people have largely adopted still another type of car. This is another combination of the ordinary street car with a forward compartment, being practically an adoption of a very old style of cable car used at Cincinnati (Fig. 4). This new palace street car is thirty-four feet long over all, and holds "at a pinch" 130 passengers.

What the cable road people claim for the system is that the streets can be kept in a better sanitary condition, that the public obtains better and more secure transportation, that the streets themselves are subject to far less wear and tear, and that their physical condition can be greatly improved and more easily maintained. As we are no doubt to have a cable road on Broadway, the most crowded thoroughfare in America, the system will undergo a sharp test; if it sustains all its friends claim for it, it is only a question of a short time when the street car, with its weary jaded horses, will pass into oblivion. Selah!

NOTE.—I wish to convey my thanks for valuable information received to John Stephenson, Esq.; and L. M. De Lamater, Secretary of the John Stephenson Company; to Dr. C. R. Parson, Secretary of the National Cable Railway Company; and to John A. Brill, Esq., Vice-President of the John G. Brill Company, Philadelphia. H. P. M.

THE COMING HORSE SHOW.

THE seventh annual show of the National Horse Show Association begins on November 16th, and lasts until November 21st. We congratulated ourselves last year on its success; but if the results are as happy as the arrangements of the Association are complete, 1891 is likely to eclipse anything in the way of a horse show ever seen in this country. And the horse show itself is but a part of the entertainment. For horse-show week has become recognized as marking the return of the "smart" people to the city, and with them come the most prominent social personages of Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Chicago, who occupy the boxes in Madison Square Garden by day, and stand in patient rows around Delmonico's east room by night. There is no more complete, satisfying, and picturesque exhibition given in New York than this. There is something about a horse that appeals to every one, and the Garden becomes the home of the horse lovers from all over the country, and people meet there and can be seen there who would otherwise not meet at all, and who could not otherwise be seen save through the medium of the photographs in the shop windows or the woodcuts in the society papers. Horses with names as familiar as Presidential possibilities, and spectators as prominent as the horses, make an interesting combination, and the *al fresco* air of the place, with its banging brass bands and smell of sawdust, adds a certain zest to it. It is a Metropolitan Opera-house audience at liberty to talk as loudly as they please, and a gathering of horse enthusiasts with the best of material to awaken their enthusiasm. So whether you go to see the smartly dressed women and to meet old friends and acquaintances, or whether you go to see the beautiful horses, you will be satisfied.

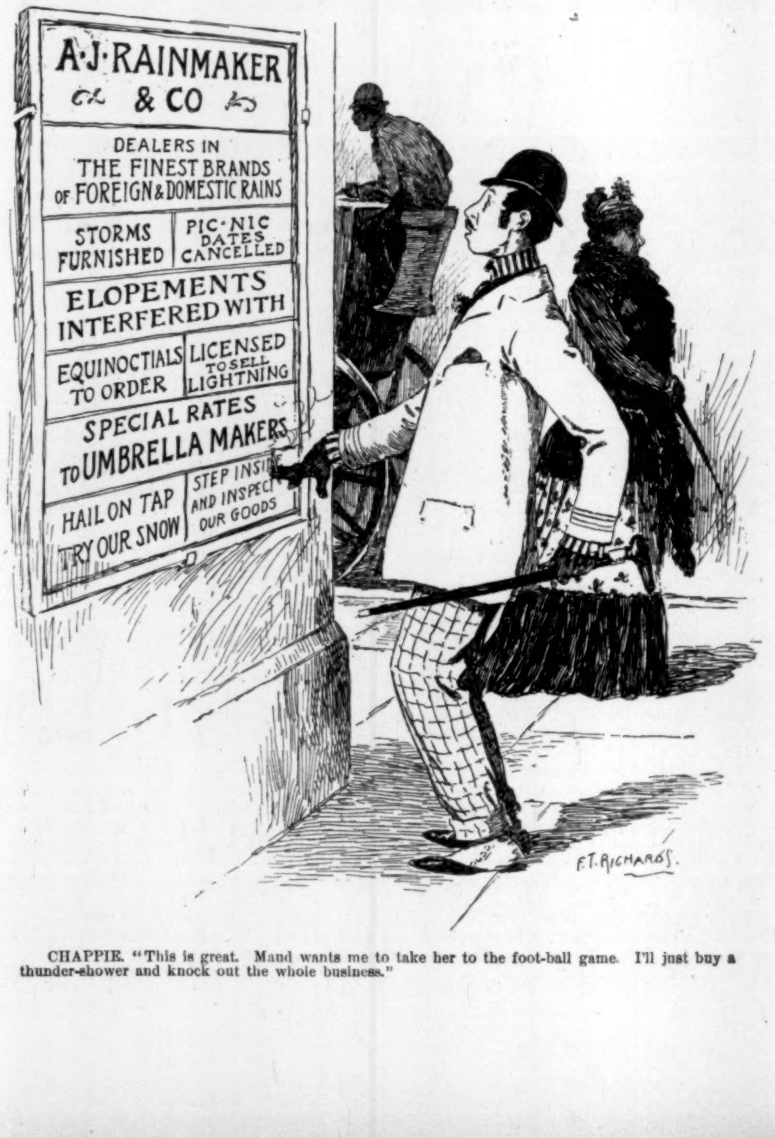
This year rules that Qualified Hunters must have been hunted regularly for at least two seasons with some recognized pack of hounds; and Green Hunters must not have won a prize at any of this Association's previous shows, nor have been hunted regularly with any pack of hounds.

In the Police horse class a prize is given to Park policemen, the first prize being $200, $100 of which is given by W. Bayard Cutting. It is really one of the most estimable individual prizes of the show, because it encourages good work from those men on whom the driving and riding public are more or less dependent for safety.

The special prizes offered are: by the Directors of the Association, $100 for the best Roadster and best-appointed Road Rig; by Mr. Charles H. Kerner, $100 for the best pair of Roadsters and Road Rig; by Mr. John A. Logan, Jun., $100 for the best pair of carriage-horses not under 15.2, the *bona fide* property of farmers or dealers. The horses competing for this prize must be passed as sound by the Association of Veterinary Surgeons, and entered for the sale at a fixed price, at which any pair in the class may be claimed; by certain members of the Coaching Club, $100 for the best Road Team; by Mr. J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, $100 for the best Park Team (four-in-hand) and Drag, owners to drive; by the New York Tandem Club, $100 for the best and best-appointed Park Tandem, owners to drive, also $100 for the best-appointed Road Tandem for practical use, owners to drive; by Messrs. Brewster & Co., $250 for the best pair of horses not under 15.1 hands and best appointed Brougham or Victoria.

By Cornelius Vanderbilt, $100 for the best pair of Ponies not exceeding 14 hands 2 inches; by F. A. Schermerhorn, $100 for the best pair of High Steppers exceeding 15 hands 1 inch; by Prescott Lawrence, $100 for the best pair of High Steppers not under 14 hands 2 inches, and not exceeding 15 hands 1 inch; by Reginald W. Rives, $100 for the best High Stepper not under 15.2; by Harris & Nixon, $100 for the best American-bred Hackney Stallion not over four years old; by Theodore A. Havemeyer, $100 for the best performance of professional coachman driving a pair of horses to a four-wheel trap; by W. E. D. Stokes, $100 for the best High Jumper, open to all horses.

By Foxhall Keene, $100 for Hunters, to be ridden over six successive jumps 5 feet 4 inches high, and to carry a minimum weight of 140 lbs.; by W. D. Grand, of Toronto, a Canadian-bred Black Cob mare, five years old, 15 hands high, very handsome, and carries a lady—also $300 for Canadian-bred horses, the property of American ladies or gentlemen, to be ridden over regular jumps by gentlemen riders, professionals barred; by Messrs. R. Dunlap & Co., $100 for the best performance of Hunters or Jumpers over six fences, two at 5 feet, two at 5 feet 6 inches, and two at 6 feet; by Farley Clark, $100 for the horse taking in the best form eight successive jumps, when turned loose in a corral, open to horses three years old and under; by the Hotel Metropole, New York, $100 for the best Hack (Saddle-horse), under 15.1 hands, up to carrying 200 pounds, manners will be specially consid-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SPECIAL RATES TO UMBRELLA MAKERS
HAIL ON TAP
TRY OUR SNOW
STEP INSIDE AND INSPECT OUR GOODS
F.T. RICHARDS.

CHAPPIE. "This is great. Maud wants me to take her to the foot-ball game. I'll just buy a thunder-shower and knock out the whole business."

ered; by Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, $100 for best Hack (Saddle-horse), 15.1 and not exceeding 15.3 hands, up to carrying 200 pounds, manners will be specially considered; by General Thomas T. Eckert, $50 for best Long-tailed Saddle-horse over 15.2 hands, and $50 for one 15.2 hands or under; by Mr. James T. Woodward, $100 for best High-school Horse, conformation, beauty, and style to count 40 per cent., performance in High School, 60 per cent.; by Mr. H. Rieman Duval, $100 for best team (four-in-hand) of Ponies or Cobs not exceeding 15 hands, to be shown before Drag or Brake; by Mr. George C. Clausen, $100 for best Shire Stallion, three years old or over, exhibitors in this class must give Stallion's pedigree and stud-book number on certificate of entry; by Floyd Ferris, $100 for the best Saddle-horse (Park Hack); by S. S. Howland, $100 for the best Saddle-horse, the *bona fide* property of a recognized riding-school, must have been in actual use as a school horse and owned by a school at least six months prior to the date of entry.

The most interesting programme from the spectators' point of view will be, of course, the jumps, and it is extremely gratifying to be able to say that there has been a change in the rules, which excessive jumping of last year brought about. The new rules state that a horse which falls or knocks off the top bar in going over will be considered to have refused. The actual rules governing the high jumps are as follows, and should be carefully studied by those intending to enter horses in these events:

Rule 1.—The start will be with fence 4 feet 6 inches high, to be raised 4 inches at a time until 5 feet 6 inches is reached, when it will be raised 3 inches at a time until 6 feet 6 inches is reached, which will be the maximum height required to be jumped.

Rule 2.—The minimum weight for each horse to carry will be 130 pounds.

Rule 3.—Each horse will be allowed four trials, until 5 feet 6 inches is reached; from and after this height five trials will be allowed, until the horse is disqualified.

Rule 4.—Knocking the top bar off or falling will count against a horse the same as an absolute refusal. The top bar will be held in place in such manner as the executive committee may deem advisable.

Rule 5.—The judges, in making their awards, will especially consider the form in which the horses take their leaps.

Rule 6.—Time between jumps to be left to the discretion of the judges.

The entries close October 19th, though they will be received until the 26th on payment of double entrance fees. Boston is also to have a horse show, in the Arena Building, beginning October 20th, and lasting till the 23d. The show will inaugurate the opening of this building, and as it has been constructed with the idea of securing this event annually, its appointment is promised to be very complete. As the show comes immediately following New England's Breeders' Meeting, and just previous to the New York event, there is every reason to believe that it will be one of the best that Boston has ever had. There will be prizes for Trotters, Roadsters, heavy Draught-horses, Carriage-horses, Cobs in harness, High Steppers, Hackney Stallions, Saddle-horses, Park Hacks, Hunters, Polo Ponies, Cross-match Pair, Tandems, Four-in-hands, Ponies ridden by boys or girls under fifteen years of age, and Police Horses.

It is very unfortunate that the limited space of the Madison Square Garden necessitates the association's requesting local exhibitors to stable their horses at home, taking them to the Garden at such times only as they are to be judged in the ring. Really more than half the interest would be taken from the show were such a course to be followed extensively. The horse show is actually such in fact as well as name. Nine hundred and ninety-nine spectators out of every thousand go to see the horses; they want to walk about and look at them. They probably are not keen judges, but they are warm admirers of all horseflesh that is beautiful, and know enough at least for their purpose. To send horses to the ring only is to deprive thousands of people of the chief pleasure of a visit. And yet the great number of entries leaves no other course, unless—and indeed the association is strong enough now to take the initiative—thorough weeding should be given the entries, and the poorest rejected. The Garden, with all its beautiful appointment, is far from being an ideal place for a horse show. There is not nearly enough room under present conditions. The officers of the association have always shown the best of judgment in their management, and this year will be no exception to the rule.

THE JONAH OF LUCKY VALLEY.

BY HOWARD SEELY.

IX.

WITH little change in the material fortunes of its inhabitants, two years passed over Lucky Valley. The same prosperity that had made this Eden of the stock farmer a synonyme for success attended the fortunate proprietors. Herds and flocks multiplied, wealth increased, and, in obedience to the laws of economics, capital waited on the efforts of intelligent endeavor with the subservience of the slave of the lamp. The westward mails were freighted with glowing accounts of the new El Dorado, and hosts of emigrants swelled the population of the fertile valley. Matters were in this flourishing condition, when, in the very heyday of success, fortune put the *coup-de-grace* to prosperity. A sudden famine in the East doubled the price of cattle. Beeves that had been selling at fifteen dollars per head, and dear at that, rose to thirty dollars in twenty-four hours. Golden harvests—the result of the patient efforts of the past—were reaped in a day, and the elated owners found themselves raised to affluence.

Experiences befell the casual visitor in Lucky Valley destined thereafter to fill the minds of Eastern friends with awe. Tourists associated with eccentric millionaires in ragged clothes of brown ducking and disreputable cowhide boots, who could each draw their personal checks for hundreds of thousands of dollars. The fortunate owners of these vast resources, after a few days of aimless enjoyment and alcoholic idleness, suddenly finding Othello's occupation gone, reinvested their wealth in cattle, and returned to their former contented labors.

Among these successful favorites of fortune William Durgy was no exception. After a severe apprenticeship to disaster, fatality seemed to stay its hand. When the boom in live-stock came, in common with many others, he sold his ranch, and found his future comfortably provided for. But, although in view of recent events it was clearly a misnomer, his old title of "Jonah" still clung to him. So strong is the force of habit.

Rich as the ranchman now felt himself, he found it, nevertheless, impossible to sever his connection with his surroundings. After a listless pilgrimage in other quarters, during which he found little to amuse or interest, he drifted back again to his old haunts, bought a new range, and building a commodious ranch upon it, established himself as a landed proprietor.

He had changed much with the fleeting months. The broad athletic shoulders had grown broader, there was a sprinkling of gray in the brown hair, and a vague weariness in the bright eye that the emoluments of wealth did not dispel. But his disposition remained cheerful, and he was as popular as ever with the multitude. They only noticed a certain subdued kindliness in his manner, which they did not understand, but which made his perennial good-fellowship more fascinating; while his friends averred that Bill was "lonely," and that all he needed was to "marry and git settled."

Perhaps the only one who really understood Mr. Durgy's condition was the gentleman most interested. Mr. Obadiah Hawkins, indeed, who, it will be remembered, had been so indiscreet as to wager something upon his chief's matrimonial prospects, had pondered the situation deeply, and devoted to it the resources of his very philosophical mind. Realizing that the wager aforesaid had now been outstanding for two weary years, he was irritated by the delay, but still indisposed to "hedge."

"The affections of the heart of woman," he said to himself one day over a meditative pipe, "is something sim'lar to sweet cider, and varies with age. When a gal is in her teens, she's rather sweet and sickenin', liable to evervess, and throw herself away on anybody, apt to physic the feller she gits, and disgust him altogether with herself ez a satisfyin' beverage; but if she hez reasonable luck, and contains herself until the virtues she's got kin ripen, so to speak, she gradually gits a bead and flavor on her thet discounts champagne. Thet's jest the way in this case. Now Lou Townsend hez improved more in the last two years than any cider I ever see. She 'ain't turned flat, and she hezn't gone sour. She hez jest staid there in the cottage, alongside o' the old woman and the old man, a-soothin' their declinin' years, and repentin' fur the anxiety she once caused them, and seein' the folly of a young gal. And all the while, although she's pretendin' she ain't lookin' at Bill, and no way thinkin' o' him, she's been jest a-spottin' him and a-sizin' him up through the hull of it. She knows she's several grades finer in p'ints and character than when she fust met him, and you let her alone fur knowin' he's been true, and thet this yer probation hez improved him. I'll see thet Rube this afternoon, and I'm thet confident I'm right about it thet durn me ef I don't go him double or quits!"

X.

For some weeks there had been a slight social flutter in Lucky Valley. Whether owing to a feeling of hospitality engendered by recent prosperity, or a sudden and spasmodic taste for gayety, the year had been notable for many routs and sociables. It was a genial and happy time. Spring had stolen upon nature most delightfully. Hardly were her coy footsteps visible on the hills, when the whole landscape woke the flowers to welcome her. Early in April the outlying prairies were carpeted with color. There were sunny hollows in the valleys and warm nooks in the woods where all the perfumes of a parterre coquetted with the senses. Under skies blue as a sapphire the birds went mad with ecstasy, and the air was jubilant with joy and love-making. Quick to respond to the joyous renewal of life with which all things were eloquent, the young people redoubled their gayety in honor of the season. And so it came about that they planned a mammoth picnic amid the green coverts and shady groves of Wild Cat River, and scented notes of invitation fluttered far and wide, like so many butterflies, over the smiling settlement of Lucky Valley.

Mr. Durgy had not contemplated attending this festivity. Hardly had the project entered the heads of its fair planners, however, when he was beset by a bevy of beauty to honor the occasion with his presence. Miss Celia Myers waylaid the ranchman at church, after an earnest sermon by Parson Blackfoot on the salutary influence of solitude, and impressed upon him how essential to her happiness was the light of his countenance. Miss Bertha Maverick encountered him in town, and told him, with the directness for which she was famous, that she had constructed a hat and gown for this merry-making which was calculated to throw him into an abject attitude of admiration for the rest of the season. Miss Linda Jellycake, Miss Patty Pan, and Miss Sally Ratus all wrote to him to tell him that they were compounding certain frontier delicacies, of which the gentleman was known to be fond, solely and exclusively for his delectation, and in utter disregard of their other admirers. Indeed it was apparent that the matrimonial prospects of Mr. Durgy had unaccountably brightened in the interval. These considerate missives the gentleman perused with appreciative regard, but laid aside with a certain disappointment.

In vain he sought among their conventional characters for a certain erratic but well-remembered handwriting. Since that memorable afternoon when she had left him so abruptly he had seen little of Miss Townsend. Possibly in the interval he may have had an occasional glimpse of a face that haunted his dreams and came unbidden to fill with longing his waking hours. But since the tragedy in the wood she had so secluded herself that her former associates seldom mentioned her. Restless with memories of one he could not forget, but dominated by a strange pride that forbade any attempt at renewal of his relations, the slow months dragged by for William Durgy. He never called at the Townsend cottage, although repeatedly urged to do so by the blunt and decided sheriff. That individual seemed to grow more peevish and petulant as age added weight to his infirmities. One day a rumor reached him at the cottage that Mr. Durgy had so far overstepped his custom as to present himself at a local ball and remain until the close of the festivities.

"Bill didn't seem to take no stock in the shindig, though," remarked his informant, Mr. Obadiah Hawkins, who, as we have seen, was a shrewd observer of the world about him. "He looked kinder skeered in the ballroom, and I noticed, although thet thar Berthy Maverick hed a way of waltzin' around him, and kinder stabbin' him with her eye over her pardner's shoulder while the music was playin', she didn't seem to take no effect onto him. Some allowed thet Bill hed a toothache thet evenin', and others said it was a touch of the dumb ager, fur he did act powerful strange. I ketched him durin' the Virginny shake-down, when everybody was a-laughin' and enjoyin' themselves, a-settin' out on the gallery with his hands in his pockets, a-starin' at the stars. I'd been over to the 'Round-up' celebrati'n, and I fell over him in the dark.

"'The moon ain't noway full to-night,' says I to him, apologizin'.

"'She can't afford to be; there's too many in the bizness,' says he, ez sarcastic ez ye please, and walkin' off.

"Do you know," said Mr. Hawkins, knocking the ashes out of his pipe on the tire of his wagon wheel, "thet thar speech was so onlike Bill I was sure suthin' must be plumb wrong with him."

That evening the sheriff, sitting at his own hearth-stone and smoking a discontented pipe, delivered himself oracularly to his wife and daughter:

"I allers hev said afore thet young gals nowadays was plumb blind to their opportunities, and more obstinate than government mules gin'rally, but it seems the gals up in the valley hez woke up to the fact thet Bill Durgy ain't to be sneezed at. I heerd to-day thet at the dance over to Rider's Ranch they was three deep 'round him to onct, and thet he didn't set down from the time of the fust quadrille. I learn Berthy Maverick is after him again in all her war paint, and Celia Myers hez also dug up the hatchet. Some of the boys hev begun to lay bets ez to which will fetch him, and everybody sez it's a last call for Bill. He give out last week somewhar that he was tired of playin' Patience on a monument to empty benches. The sayin' hez somehow got 'round."

The sheriff cast a quick glance at his daughter, who, apparently oblivious to his reflections, was gazing into the fire, with her chin resting in her hands.

"And to think thet he was clean bereft over our Lou here," returned Mrs. Townsend, a nervous woman, diligently employed in setting the room to rights. She paused, with the sheriff's hat in her hand. "I do hope he won't be fool enough to throw himself away on thet brazen Maverick girl. All years is leap-year to her and they do say she does more than half the courtin'. Mrs. Brooks says Berthy believes in carryin' the war into Africa, so I wouldn't been noway surprised to hear she *had* eloped with a 'coon, but for thet hussy to ketch Bill Durgy, father, land of love!"

And Mrs. Townsend hooked the sheriff's hat on a neighboring picture with a fierceness that imperilled the felt.

"Ye can't never tell, mother, what a man will do," said the sheriff, with his eyes fixed on his silent daughter. "Bill's been prosperous now for some time along back; he's pop'lar in the valley, and hez consid'able pressure bearin' on him. And it's astonishin' how some ornery gals thet don't hold the right keerds kin fetch a man when the right gal somehow don't keep her eye on the game. Men won't stand everythin', and there is such a thing as bein' frozen out. And in spite of them facts, you tell me Lou is goin' to refuse the invite to thet thar big picnic! Providence," said the sheriff, gravely, "will certainly never smile on a young woman who throws away chances like thet."

But here Miss Lou suddenly raised her eyes from the fire and met those of her sire in protest.

"You take altogether too much for granted, father" said she, reprovingly. "I never said I was not going to this picnic. It's such a large affair, I suppose it will never do to decline; and I was thinking only this afternoon, mother, that if I should put those white feathers on that leghorn hat, and trim up that light bunting a little, perhaps I might naturally not put the other girls' eyes out."

The ghost of a smile flickered an instant about the grim mouth of the sheriff, but he finished his pipe without comment.

The following day he went straight to the barn after breakfast, and saddling his white horse, abruptly departed for the village. As he drew near its outskirts, he suddenly left the trail road, and turning into a well-fenced enclosure, hitched his horse to a post in the door-yard.

The house he was about to enter was a comfortable one, with a high-stooped veranda. A man seated in an easy-chair and leisurely smoking greeted him cordially as he mounted the steps.

"I kem over here this arternoon," said the sheriff, "fur a word or two techin' six-shooters. Does yer find any difficulty with thet new patent Colt?"

"None," returned Durgy, taking his cigar from his lips, and blowing a cloud at an angle that seemed to argue disappointment at the question.

"Throw thet Havanner away, 'Jonah,'" said Townsend, earnestly. "Yer gittin' too elegant fur any use, and besides it's too strong for ye."

He produced a plug of natural leaf, which he tossed to his friend, and took out a pipe already filled with the same article for his own refreshment.

Mr. Durgy, with an air of concentrating his mind on the sheriff's communications, gravely opened his jack-knife and began to cut up the plug.

"I was reckonin' along back to kem over, sit by, and talk of old times," began the sheriff, with unusual softness of manner. "Be you goin' to thet picnic?"

"Nixy," said Durgy, quietly.

"'Fraid of 'jiggers,' perhaps?" said the sheriff, sarcastically. "Ther ain't no 'jiggers' in them woods, Bill!"

"I don't know thet I said anythin' about 'jiggers,'" retorted Mr. Durgy, with a sniff of disdain, as if ignoring that unpleasant and microscopic Texan pest. "But I ain't reckonin' to go, thet's all."

"Lou let on ez much," returned the sheriff, under his breath.

"Eh?" said Durgy, with a start, as if suddenly informed that cattle had depreciated.

"I said Lou allowed you wouldn't come," quietly repeated Townsend, gazing out upon the prairie with eyes that were far away.

The ranchman had filled his pipe. Lighting it quickly, he took a few eager puffs, as if his nerves hungered for the narcotic, and edged his chair nearer to the sheriff.

"What's *she* going to do?" he said, breathlessly.

"She's goin'."

Mr. Durgy smoked more placidly. "Waal, now, thet white hoss of yours does stand it oncommon, pardner!" he remarked, suddenly. "How old is he now?"

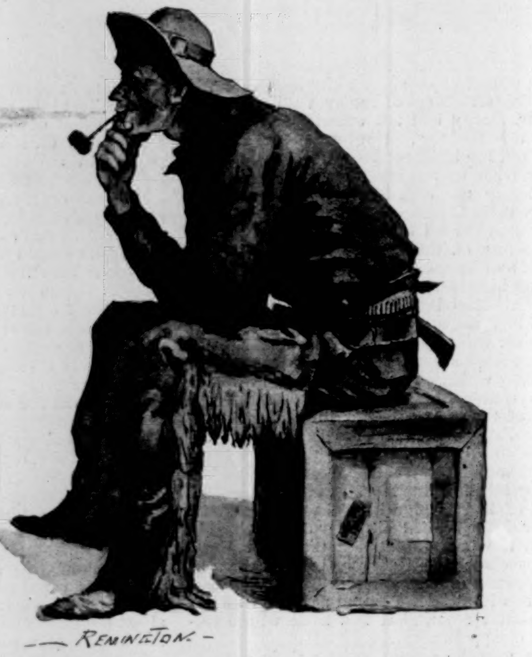
"Nine years; they never git no older," Townsend replied, with a quiet wink, but ignoring the digression. "Kin we count on you bein' thar?" inquired the sheriff, pointedly.

"I wouldn't wonder, Joe," said Durgy, in the same quiet tone. "Send me up a biled shirt and a couple of collars when ye go down to the valley."

This the sheriff did.

XI.

It was a pleasant morning that ushered in this memorable picnic. The many guests attended in the usual fashion. There were stages for conveying the fair, buggies for certain exclusive couples, and occasional solitary horsemen. These last, from an apparent disposition to smoke in company and furtively eye the ladies, were unanimously voted "women-haters." Of course there were the usual cheerful representatives of the male sex who, though at heart bored to death by the whole affair, affected to enter heartily into it, and gathered wood, kindled a fire, got smoke in their eyes, and scalded themselves with the teakettle apparently as a pleasant diversion. There were others, too, who gathered about the table-cloth spread upon the ground, partook of the good cheer while broiling in the sun, ate thankfully in



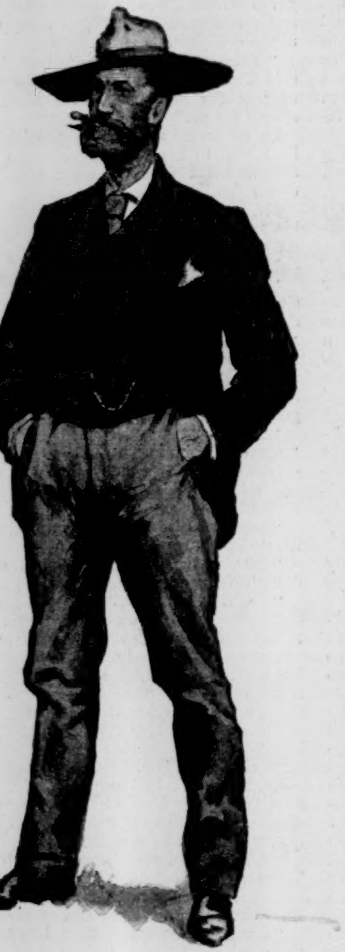
"DERN ME! IF I DON'T GO HIM DOUBLE OR QUITS."

uncomfortable attitudes, held parasols over much-toileted young misses, and laughed and sang and chatted, reckless of the multiform insect and vegetable life which the overarching boughs sprinkled upon the repast, and equally defiant of "jiggers."

Mr. Durgy was not among them. Having partaken of a cup of brackish coffee and sodden cake at the hands of the three Graces who had announced their dyspeptic favors by letter, as I have already stated, he turned his back upon the importunate trio and strolled away under the trees. Cigar in mouth, and yielding to the soothing influences of the wood, with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and an American freedom of carriage, he sought a neighboring spring which he remembered.

It was prettily situated. A natural fountain welled up from the heart of a great bowlder and oozed over the neighboring rocks with a pleasant sound. Hardly had Durgy stooped to enter the leafy circle by which it was environed when he perceived a young girl standing among the swaying shadows.

She was dressed in a simple white gown that fitted her perfectly, and seemed to enhance the maturity of her figure. A broad leghorn hat, swaying in graceful curves about her face, and surmounted by nodding white ostrich plumes, gave her an added coquetry; and yet at the moment of her discovery coquetry was farthest from her thoughts.



AN AMERICAN FREEDOM OF CARRIAGE.

I cannot say that Miss Lou—now older by two years than when first met with—had not contemplated this fortunate meeting. She was certainly quite conscious, but she assured the ranchman, with a certain stately and distant manner, that the interruption was "an unexpected pleasure."

Durgy, if in a measure prepared to see her, felt himself suddenly short-breathed and embarrassed. He removed his hat, and in the effort to throw away his cigar flung it into the spring. This awkwardness, though annoying, served to break the ice between them; and as Miss Lou laughed merrily, he suddenly stooped, rescued it, and tossed it into the thicket.

"I'm sorry you lost your cigar, Will," said Miss Townsend, becoming suddenly grave. "I hope you haven't forgotten that I used to be fond of tobacco smoke."

Was it the tone, or was it her calling him Will, that touched him? It was not five minutes later that he found himself seated at the foot of a spreading tree by the side of Wild Cat River, with a fresh cigar alight, and chatting familiarly of old times in very delightful company.

A breeze stole through the wood and caressed the two while the ranchman pursued his reminiscences. The girl toyed with the ferns and grasses at her feet with downcast eyes, and a faint murmur of picnic revelry came to them from a distance.

Really, if you wish to know how this fortunate widower declared himself, you must ask the parties themselves. There were no eavesdroppers—not even a robin or a squirrel—to interrupt them that memorable afternoon. It was rumored afterwards that Celia Myers stated that Lou must have asked Bill herself, and refused to take "No" for an answer, for *she* had certainly found him "powerful sot for a widower." Miss Maverick gave it out in church that it was the combination of "ostrich feathers and angel-white duds" that settled it. She further remarked sweetly that Bill would find out later that he had caught a "swamp angel." But I do not know that I am required to disclose these frank criticisms of the unsuccessful. Of one thing I am positive, that Mr. Durgy asked Miss Townsend to sing, and that quite unembarrassedly she lifted a very rich contralto in the green-wood. Almost impulsively she chose a song she had learned which during the long months of their separation had appealed to her with a peculiar sympathy. There was in her voice a confession too true to have been spoken, and an appeal which the music made more pathetic. As she sang, the ranchman knew instinctively what had been—what were her thoughts. These were the words:

"So long the day, so dark the way,
  Dear heart, before you came,
It seems to me it cannot be
  This world is still the same;
For there I stood as in some wood,
  And vainly sought for light,
But now day dawns on sunny lawns,
  And life is glad and bright.
      Oh, leave me not!
      Oh, leave me not!
Dear heart! dear heart!
I did not dream that we should part.
      I love but thee;
      Oh, love thou me,
  And leave, and leave me not.

"With you away, the brightest day,
  Dear heart, goes by in vain.
I dare not dream what life would seem
  If you ne'er came again.
Dark ways before would darken more;
  The world would change to me;
Each sun would set in vain regret
  That morning brought not thee.
      Oh, leave me not!
      Oh, leave me not!
Dear heart! dear heart!
I dare not dream that we should part.
      I love but thee;
      Oh, love thou me,
  And leave, and leave me not."

Was there any help for him under the circumstances? Mr. Durgy thought not. He took the lady at her word, and said, with all the ardor of his first infatuation, that for a matter of two weary years he had simply lived to be able to assure her that leave her he never could. And as, in view of this reassuring statement on the gentleman's part, Miss Townsend felt no hesitation in intrusting her future to his keeping, I have yet to learn that he ever did.

A month had slipped away, and the happy lovers were now absent in the South on a protracted honey-moon, when an event occurred in Lucky Valley which is yet to be chronicled. This was the collection by Mr. Obadiah Hawkins of the amount of his wager from the cowboy Rube.

A few days after the wedding ceremony he mounted his pony, rode over to see his unfortunate debtor, and told him, with some complacency of mien and the corroborative testimony of the county paper, that it would be necessary for him to liquidate his liability.

"'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,'" said Obadiah, grimly, "and I'm jest natchally pinin' for that fifty dollars. It's two years you've kep' me waitin' for it," he added, with the air of an indulgent martyr, "but I've a mind to be generous, and won't expect no interest under the circumstances."

The unhappy Rube—a lank, dishevelled cowboy—stared at this, tugged at his boot straps, hobbled into his tent, and after a few minutes' absence returned with a dilapidated stocking. From the mysterious depths of this receptacle he laboriously doled out, in the mixed coinage of a frontier miser, the amount of the wager, heaved a sigh, and pushed the pile of wealth toward his importunate creditor.

"Quite right, Rube, quite right," said Mr. Hawkins, who had dismounted, gravely witnessed this operation, and speedily transferred the money to his own capacious pocket. "Any time you feel disposed to resk the rest of them sinkers, I reckon I kin accommodate ye. Mebbe you'd like now to gamble on my own matrimonial prospects? No? Well, after Jonah's luck, I wouldn't swear you'd be safe.

"It's powerful sing'lar," commented Mr. Hawkins, mounting his pony again, and surveying the abject cowboy from the superiority of his saddle—"it's powerful sing'lar and strange, the stupidity of mankind. Here's the hull county callin' Bill 'Jonah,' allowin' him played out and gener'ly gone to grass, and unly me with savey and sand enough to back him fur a winner.

"I knowed it from the first," he continued, with the general confidence of success. "'Jonah' be durned! He 'ain't no call for thet word. Hez any one seen him hev any hard luck sence he rescued thet other young woman? 'Ain't she changed his fortins and been a lucky star to him? I tell you, Rube, this hull county is plumb off the scent. There was a 'Jonah' in this valley once, but the critter wore petticoats! It was thet thar Mrs. Durgy No. 1, who was enough to make a man strike a heap more snags than Bill ever struck afore she was accommodatin' enough to git cremated."

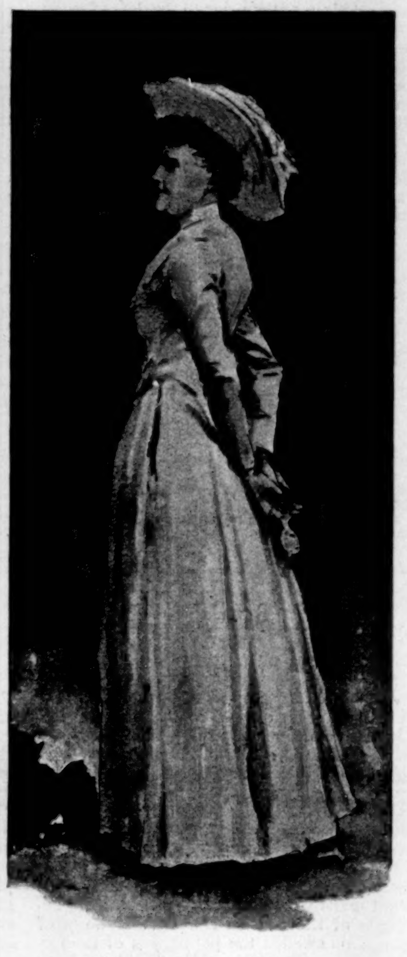
He paused, and put his head on one side reflectively. "It are certainly so," he said, finally. "Accordin' ez a man marries, his fortins will tally. Afore thet he's a free hoss, without handicaps, and safe to bet on fur any race you want to enter him; but when he gits to takin' on freight, it's mostly a lottery. And with a woman in the saddle there's no safety on account of the jockeyin'. They're jest ez liable to sag back on a thorough-bred ez to give him his head. I reckon, however, that this time Bill hez got both whip and spur, and will do hisself credit.

"Somehow his decidin' to do it," he continued, dubiously, "after flashin' in the pan so long, hez made me myself kinder lonesome and onsettled. I don't mind sayin' thet I feel like makin' a cast, jest for luck, right here in this settlement, fur the subjeck seems somehow eppydemick. Then, again, I've had many a narrow escape, and it's well to go slow. The Lord only knows what I may have been spared."

A transient gleam shot across his weather-beaten face.

"Thar was thet Lampasas gal, now. Ef I hed only succeeded in marryin' her, who kin tell how I'd hev turned out? She might hev made," continued Mr. Hawkins, gazing around dreamily—"she might hev made an Apoller out of me."

He removed his hat, and unconsciously stroked the thin straggling locks on the back of his head that time and that eventful courtship still spared to him. The gesture seemed to awaken an unpleasant memory.

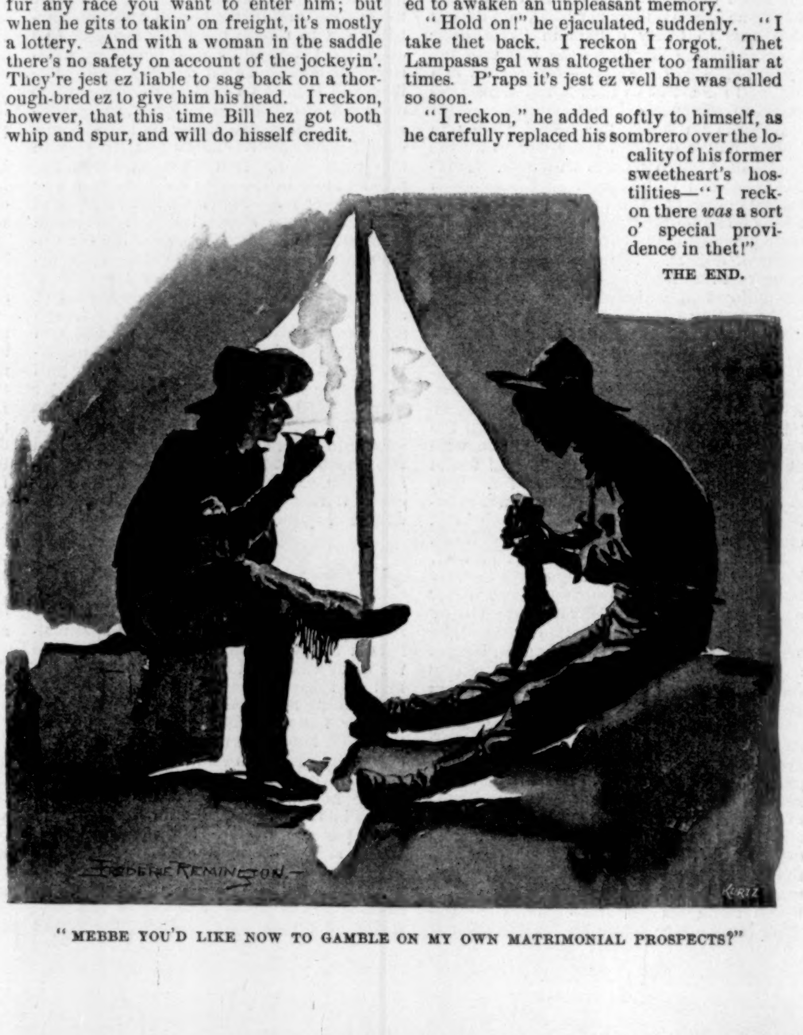


AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

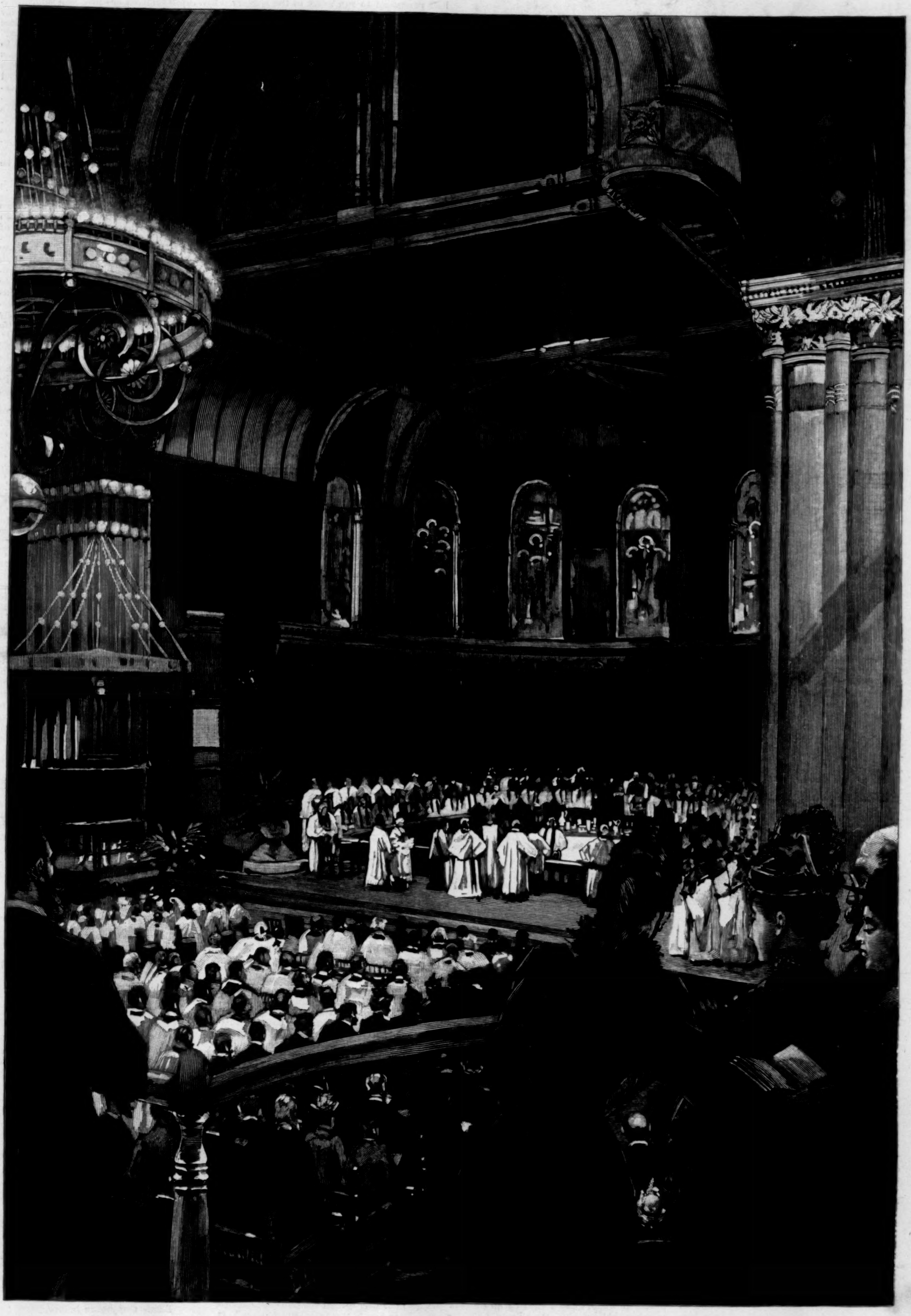
"Hold on!" he ejaculated, suddenly. "I take thet back. I reckon I forgot. Thet Lampasas gal was altogether too familiar at times. P'raps it's jest ez well she was called so soon.

"I reckon," he added softly to himself, as he carefully replaced his sombrero over the locality of his former sweetheart's hostilities—"I reckon there *was* a sort o' special providence in thet!"

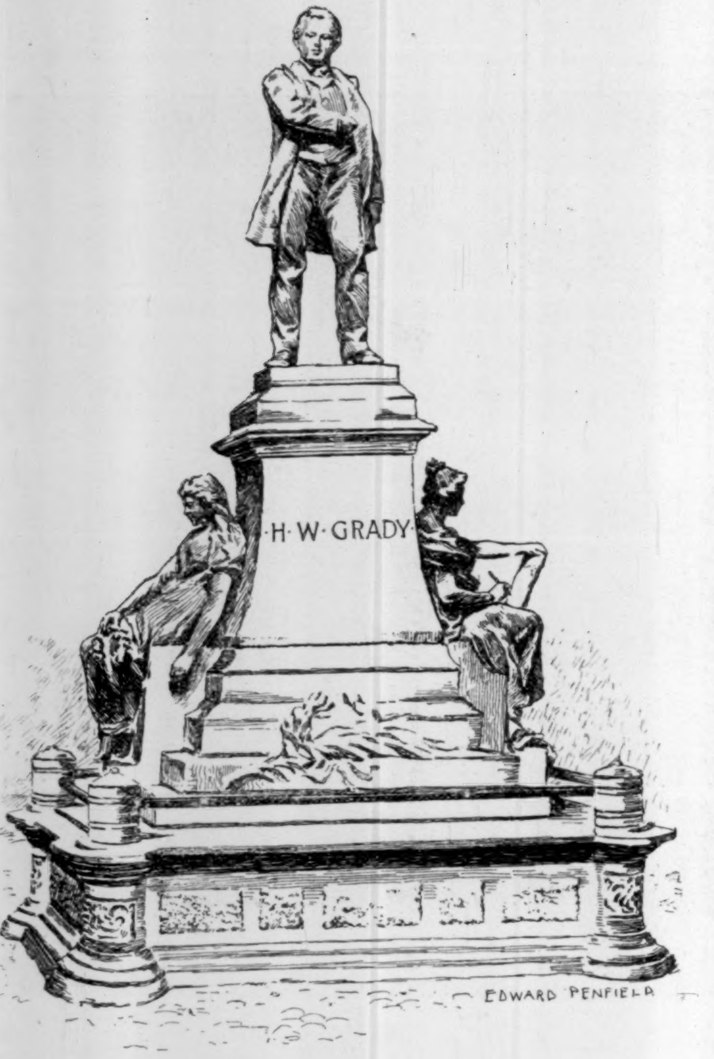
THE END.



"MEBBE YOU'D LIKE NOW TO GAMBLE ON MY OWN MATRIMONIAL PROSPECTS?"



THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS AT TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.—DRAWN BY EDMUND H. GARRETT.—[SEE PAGE 830.]



THE MONUMENT TO HENRY W. GRADY.

The Grady Monument, which Governor Hill will assist in unveiling on the 21st inst. at Atlanta, Georgia, is but a slight token indeed to the deceased. Much has been written since his death in memory of his greatness and worth, but the greater the distance of time, the more his true greatness of character stands forth. He did more to found the New South than any other man of Southern birth. No matter how much the reconstructed "brigadiers" and old war-horses of the Confederacy boasted of their newly found loyalty, the people of all sections looked upon these professions with more or less suspicion. But Grady was a new man, a man of the times; to him the war was part of history, the future what his patriotism looked forward to; and his eloquent words and sterling directness of purpose went straight to the hearts of the whole people, North as well as South; they believed in him; they trusted him. The monument stands on Marietta Street, opposite the Custom-house. The curtain will be drawn from the face by Miss Gussie Grady, daughter of the dead patriot. The last stone, the one upon which the figure stands, weighs 16,000 pounds. On the side of this stone, looking towards the artesian well, is this inscription:

> Henry W. Grady, journalist, orator, patriot. Editor of the Atlanta "*Constitution.*" Born in Athens, Georgia, May 24, 1850. Died in Atlanta, December 23, 1889. Graduated at the State University in the year 1868. He never held or sought public office. When he died he was literally loving a nation into peace.

Below this, in large letters, is the name—Henry W. Grady. On the side looking down Marietta Street are these memorable words uttered by Mr. Grady:

> "This hour little needs the loyalty that is loyal to one section and yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us a broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts, that knows no South, no North, no East, no West, but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State in our Union."—*Boston, December*, 1889.

> "The citizen standing in the doorway of his home, contented on his threshold—his family gathered about his hearth-stone, while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—he shall save the Republic when the drum-tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted."—*University of Virginia, June* 25, 1889.

On the eastern side sits the veiled figure of Memory, while on the west History looks down upon the city that loved him, and reveres the glorious purpose of his words and deeds.

THE BISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE, JUN.

It is not often that a city government goes out of its way to adorn the grounds of a church with pots of palms and other plants. This is what the Boston municipal authorities unexpectedly did on the morning of Wednesday, October 14th, when the Rev. Phillips Brooks, for twenty-two years rector of Trinity Church, was made Bishop of Massachusetts to succeed the lamented Bishop Paddock. Thus the city gave official expression to a deep feeling of interest in the occasion among people of all classes and sects.

Within the church a memorable spectacle was to be seen. Nine bishops, most of them venerable in years, and nearly four hundred clergymen, many of them from other than the home diocese, had gathered for the elevation of the foremost American preacher to the episcopate. Bishop Potter, of New York, quite at his best, preached the sermon. A more impressive ceremony would be hard to imagine. The prescribed forms are of the highest dignity, and the stately presence of the chief participants, the grand simplicity in detail of arrangements, added much to the solemnity of the service.

The figure of Phillips Brooks has grown uniquely into the life of Boston and his day. Devoted as he has been to his parish and all that concerns it, his powers have won him too wide a renown, his hands and heart have reached out in too many directions, to permit of his position remaining in any sense merely parochial. In Boston his place may almost be called civic. Throughout the land his name and fame are known, nor to Westminster Abbey and other great foreign churches are his presence and his charm unfamiliar. The people of Boston especially know him as an eloquent speaker of great truths, a man of the deepest and widest human sympathy, whose life and preaching are thoroughly at one. They have wondered that there could be any doubt of his eminent fitness to lead his Church throughout the State. They now welcome him to a lofty office in which they feel him to be more than ever *their man.*

The Americanism of Bishop Brooks, his zeal as an American citizen, strongly distinguish him. Fifteen years ago, when his parish entered its new building, he said: "She [Trinity Church] must be part and parcel of this people. She must be in heart and soul American, or she is nothing. She must have her sympathies here, and not across the sea." The spirit of these words becomes the man, whose whole-souled citizenship has made his presence necessary in his native city to nearly every public function in which a clergyman can take part. The city, in daily contact with men, is where and how he would live. He would know what lives all the people about him are leading, and would lift the poor from sordidness no less than the rich out of indifference. To see a side of life least apt to come under his notice, it was like him to spend a day in a criminal court, closely following each case that came up.

A man is said to have gone to him once disgusted with the complications of city life, half persuaded to run away to the simpler country. The story goes that Dr. Brooks took him to the study window, from which a hackman standing by his horse could be seen, pointed out the man, and said, "When I look at the ocean, I think larger waves than any I can see have broken; when I look at a tree, I know that grander trees have grown; but I look at that man, and know that he can still grow, and that his growth, and all men's, never ceases."

Applying this drift of thought to his preaching, Dr. Brooks stimulates citizenship, personal character, or what you will, by making his hearers feel, beyond all things, the possibilities that lie in men. "Not learnedly to the learned, not vulgarly to the vulgar, but humanly to the human," thus he has described the truest preaching, and, without meaning to name it, his own. Well illustrating this rule, it is told that at a short interval he had to preach first to a reform school and then to a women's college. Acting upon his principle, he gave the girls the same sermon he had preached at the reformatory, and neither congregation, it may safely be said, knew that it was not the one solely addressed.

In the Appleton Chapel of Harvard University and at Wellesley College, Dr. Brooks is said to have most genuine pleasure in preaching. In each of these places he is brought face to face with young men and women. "If youth," he has said, in one of those outbursts that make his people think of the poet lost in the preacher—"if youth is a prison-house, it is one whose window-bars are sunbeams, and whose walls are transparent hopes."

Not only in such words as these, but through his personal intercourse with the collegians, has Dr. Brooks's preachership at Harvard had strong effect in the years just past. In the Preacher's Room of Wadsworth House he was always, during the specified hours, to be found, and always more than ready to talk with the men who came to see him, whatever their errand.

College receptions are in general dreary memories, and the evenings in Wadsworth House would not be specially recalled but for the towering form of Phillips Brooks surrounded by undergraduates, looking up into the strong thoughtful face above them, well content that the conversation should be one-sided. The undergraduates used to listen almost as they did to his sermons, and understanding that a young bashful crowd cannot do its just share of talking with one big man, Dr. Brooks supplied both halves without stint.

In the midst of his busy city life, Dr. Brooks's accessibility to any and all callers has been remarkable. "When shall I come to see you about that little matter?" is asked; and he replies, "Any time at all—the middle of the morning, if you choose." He has no "hours," no time when his house—in which, by-the-way, he is still to live—is closed to the world.

Like his treatment of callers, bores and cranks no less than people of sense, is Dr. Brooks's custom regarding letters. No reasonable communication goes unanswered. Grace of expression and hearty sympathy with his correspondents, often unknown, are said to mark every note he writes.

In the pulpit and out of it, one of his greatest achievements has been to put courage into people. Imagine him—and imagination and fact here go hand in hand—hearing of a young artist discouraged about his work, almost ready to give up fighting the world's hard odds. Dr. Brooks goes to his studio, likes and praises his work, speaks words of the heartiest cheer, leaving him to think over a warm grasp of the hand, an earnest look, and a message, let us say, that "when failure seems nearest, one is often walking unknown side by side with success."

He has reached many people by merely believing in them. When others have given them up, his strong hopefulness for men, as a race and singly, has started many a man anew in life. No preaching without this spirit could have thronged Faneuil Hall with the "unchurched" as it did in the Sunday nights, three winters ago, when Dr. Brooks was there. The business men, too, that crowded Trinity Church, New York, and St. Paul's, Boston, in the last two Lents, know well what this hopefulness of his may mean to men.

A single example of what his preaching does culminated only last month in a service in which Dr. Brooks himself took part. A woman came to Boston several years ago, and by mere chance went into Trinity Church, and heard its rector preach. She went away feeling that she could and must do something in the world. She did not know what it would be; but the service which Dr. Brooks was asked to conduct in September was for laying the corner-stone of a Children's Home—a building large enough to take in twenty-five infants. The woman for some time had already been carrying on the work in smaller quarters.

The readers of magazine "symposia" and special articles may have wondered sometimes at failing to find the name of Phillips Brooks in lists of "notable contributors." It is not because editors and publishers have not tried to get him. He has always held that except as a preacher of the gospel he is in no sense a man of letters, though in literature as in art, be it remarked, his taste is unfailingly good, his judgment always keen.

An instance of his dealings with editors will illustrate what has just been said. Several years ago one of the carols he wrote for his Sunday-school's Christmas festival, if less perfect than "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem!" was so charming that a magazine wished to publish it, even with a note that the lines were not written for its columns. The editors thought the least they could do was to send Dr. Brooks a somewhat liberal check, asking that, though he would not accept it himself, it might be devoted to the school's Christmas expenses. The check, however, was promptly returned with a courteous note. The inference that under no circumstances would he accept payment for work outside his regular duties was clearly to be drawn.

No one who has seen Dr. Brooks with children is likely to forget his "way with them." Sterner persons say that he makes them behave very badly, and, possibly in jealousy, others have called him fonder of youngsters than of grown people. No objection is heard from the children. They look midgets, indeed, on those knees, high and broad, in which two schools of churchmanship figuratively meet. Is it foolish to imagine that the new Bishop's visitations will gain some of their power—over mothers at least—through his extremely happy intercourse with the children? However literally true it may be, surely the story of Dr. Brooks going to a poor woman's rooms and keeping the children out of mischief while she went to church tells something of his spirit. And the story loses none of its point when one reflects that the woman could not hear one of her visitor's sermons.

The change of a rector's duties for those of a bishop will give Dr. Brooks some relaxation from the effort which has always been a wonder to those who have heard his three new sermons each Sunday, or only one of them. His well-known rapidity of utterance is even less wonderful than the flow of thought, the coherence with which, in spite of the absence of manuscript or notes of headings, each discourse is planned and delivered. When he was going out to Cambridge for the fifteen minutes of college prayers every morning at quarter before nine, he was asked how he could spare the good hour taken bodily out of the day for going and returning. "Oh," he replied, "that gives me time to write a sermon." It is said, moreover, that he always had eight or ten sermons prepared, though not on paper, for immediate use.

In his seminary days his classmates say that when subjects for impromptu theme-writing were given out, Phillips Brooks would wait eagerly for the instructor to be silent, and while all the rest were scratching their heads for a beginning, to say nothing of a middle or end, he would plunge into his work, full at once of the subject. And when the themes were read, his was generally by far the best in general plan, clearness, and strength of development. Such beginnings only would have led to the work Massachusetts's new Bishop has been doing in the pulpit of recent years.

In giving up its rector, Trinity Church suffers an immense loss; but the city and the State gain more than Boston's great parish loses; for his spirit will still be with the parish, often his presence; and spirit and presence alike will carry their great power to far wider bounds.

AN AUTUMN RAIN.

BY CARL SMITH.

The long boughs of the oak-tree
That stands across the way
Are waving, waving, waving,
While rainy winds are raving
At turning leaves to-day.

The drops strike madly, wildly,
Borne on the autumn wind;
And grenadiers of jimson
And dog-weed flowering crimson
They shivering leave behind.

The sunflower's golden glory,
Which passed a month ago,
Left but a seeding coward,
Which, stanch as once it towered,
Now humbly bows as low.

Here by this tight-closed window,
Adown whose weeping pane
Flows many a tearful river,
The honeysuckles shiver
Like tramps caught in the rain.

And all sweet Nature's vigor
Seems withered now and gone.
There where the rain is blowing,
Where red and green were growing,
Bleak yellow bows alone.

The sheet rain driving onward
Bends everything before,
And each stalk sadly falling
To me it seems is calling
That summer is no more.

AMATEUR · SPORT

THAT THE RESULT of the Princeton-Crescent game was far from pleasing to McClung was very evident by the way he handled his own men during the following week. I have it on very good authority that he expected a lower score, and although he did not believe that the Crescents would get a try at Princeton's goal, he didn't anticipate a score of over twenty points.

So far as the offensive play is concerned, there has been a marked improvement in the general work of the Yale team since I last saw them. The presence in the line of Heffelfinger accounts for the greater steadiness near the centre, but he is not responsible for all the improvement. The men in the line are playing with a far better idea of what they are there for. When a man had a part in making an opening last week he usually managed to get fast in that opening himself, and let the runner bang into the small of his back with his head. Now, at least half the time the forwards manage to keep themselves out of the way at the proper moment.

THE LACK OF IMPROVEMENT in his old men compared with the new must be discouraging to Captain McClung. Wallis, Barbour, and Crosby are not showing anything like the rapid progress of Winter, McCormick, and Hinkey. While I do not mean to say the three old men are not still superior to the three new ones, I do say with confidence that the comparative difference between the regulars and the candidates is nothing like as great as it was the first week in October. Wallis has been laid up with boils, so perhaps it is hardly fair to criticise his playing as strongly as a coach would; but Winter stands upon a very even plane with him already as a tackle. Mills, Winter, and Wallis are beginning to realize that there are but two positions for three men, and one of the three is to be crowded out. Messler, too, another new man, makes a fourth candidate, so that even the third man cannot rest easy in the confidence that he is sure of a place if one of the tackles comes to grief.

CROSBY HAD A BAD TURN at Hartford when the Trinity captain went by him, and is evidently trying to pull himself together. He has need to so long as Hinkey is on the field, for although one never would suspect that cadaverous-looking fellow of any athletic aspirations, he certainly knows what an end rusher's play should be, and apart from his physique, is a player from the cross-pieces on his shoes to the tips of his fingers.

If Barbour fancied, when he stepped out on the field this year, that he was to have an easy time of it, the playing of McCormick a week ago should have dispossessed him of the idea. In the general work of interfering and getting through the line the new man is already ahead of the veteran, and it will be a dusty race for little Barbour if McCormick continues to improve as he has done since I last saw him, provided, of course, McCormick is not tried for a place further back.

Sanford and Stillman are both trying to oust Paine from the centre, and they are likely to be successful. Paine does not seem to be able to shake himself into form, owing chiefly to his recent illness. Stillman has the advantage in weight, but Sanford in activity. I imagine they will think pretty rapidly, however, when Corbin comes up to coach them, as they tell me he will do in a few days. Putting the ball back and playing centre are two very different things, and when the old expert starts in with these two recruits they will begin to have a realizing sense of this difference.

McCLUNG HAS MADE NO ADVANCE in his search for extra men to play full back that I can see. The matter narrows down to Noyes still, and if the work he did on the afternoon when I visited New Haven is any criterion of his ability, I don't wonder that McClung is in a quandary. The man, although at times clever in running and pushing his man through, is unsteady in kicking and catching to such an extent as to make his whole rusher line uneasy all the time. I am told that McClung has a dark horse in the background for the position, but I very much doubt it, for two reasons—first, because Rhodes last year would have brought him out if he had been in college then; and second, because no good kickers from preparatory schools can enter any college nowadays unknown. They are in too great demand. Hence if Yale has any man in reserve for this position, he must be a home product, and I have little confidence in these for such a place as full back.

UNLESS McCORMICK SHOULD BE TRIED there, I call Norton and Van Ingen the only two available men upon whom McClung can call to take Noyes's place. Of these, the former is an extremely careless kicker, with as little idea of where his punts are going as any man I ever saw tried for an important position; while the latter is one of those fragile men who seem to have the faculty of getting so bruised and generally knocked up in the early weeks of the season as to be too tender for use during the balance of the time. Van Ingen's kicking when he is in condition is better than the average, but when his leg is lame and his body sore he cannot do himself or his position justice. McCormick, on the other hand, although hardly suggested as a candidate, has much to recommend him, and under Bull's coaching will surely have a chance to bring out all there is in him.

THE GAME WITH STAGG'S ELEVEN was destined to open the eyes of Yale men to the fact that their defensive play is weaker than that of any team which has represented Yale in years. In fact, it was only the welcome call of time that saved them from being scored against, and that too at the end of the second half. Stagg's men outlasted them, and from first to last had no difficulty in going through the centre, while their end runs were sure of gain all through the second half. It was just as well for McClung's peace of mind that he was not on hand to see the last part of the game, for it would have given him the nightmare. Stillman, Beard, and Mills seemed only feathers before the charges of the far lighter Springfield men; and the Harvard men, who were watching the sport, having come down to the tennis tournament, will not frighten Trafford very much when they tell him what they saw. Stagg's team plays foot-ball from the opening "V" to the call of time, and it will make some of the larger college elevens weary before the season is over.

EITHER I DO NOT KNOW what poor playing is, or I am not so good-natured as I should be. As I stood on the side line and watched the candidates for Harvard's eleven try to play foot-ball one afternoon last week, I was somewhat disgusted with their attempts. Evidently the coaches were not of the same mind as myself, for only occasionally did they see fit to correct some minor fault. The major ones were apparently overlooked. Mr. Lathrop was the only one who seemed alive to the fact that there is none too much time remaining in which to bring the men up to the proper degree in skill. He was looking sharply after his men, and it will not be his fault if they do not know how to bring the runner to the ground. I may be unjust, but the men impressed me with the idea that they thought there was time enough, and that such things as fighting in the line, playing off side, and failure to get into line quickly needed no correction at present. Of course it is not to be expected that every misplay can be commented upon in a single afternoon, and it is not to the minute faults that I refer; my remarks are directed towards the general style of play.

THE SCRIMMAGES WERE NOTHING more nor less than free fights. Men were bunting each other about without system or design. No one appreciates better than I do how much can be gained by giving an opponent the proper push at the right time, but such squabbling as I saw is, in my opinion, not only useless, but a waste of time and effort. Time and again I saw a man close in on his opponent, and run him down the field, when, if he had his wits about him, he could have seen that the hole he left was just what the runner was looking for. The moment the ball was in play, a general panic seemed to take hold of the players. They started and ran in every direction except the right one. Those who were not seized with the panic grabbed hold of the nearest man, and then fell to the ground. When the ball was "down," they slowly and leisurely returned to their positions, and the game went on as before. It was evident that I was not the only one who was impressed by the exhibition, for as I glanced towards the upper end of the field, where the extra men were taking their equivalent of hard work, I noted they were indulging in the same haphazard, free-and-easy methods. With no one to direct them, they were simply throwing time, and valuable time, away. After what I have seen, nothing will convince me at the close of the season, if Harvard is defeated, that her loss is entirely due to the absence of proper material.

THERE IS MATERIAL ENOUGH, beyond any doubt, on Jarvis Field every afternoon to make a first-class eleven, but if the present style of play continues there is not much prospect of one. At present there are three good men—Corbett, Waters, and Mackie—prevented by faculty restriction from being considered as candidates for the team. Corbett's good work is already well known. Waters is a strong running half back, and several times I saw him make his way cleanly past almost the entire first eleven. Mackie is a strong well-built man, with that size and general make-up which are considered essential to one who hopes to hold a position in the centre of the line. Gage, of whom I wrote last week, is now being tried at quarter. He has the making of a good one, but whether he cares enough about the game to make a thorough study of the position and improve his play accordingly remains to be seen. Burgess, owing to his being relegated to the second eleven, is putting forth every effort, and playing at present much the stronger game.

RANTOUL, NEWELL, HALLOWELL, and Vail are practically sure of holding their positions in the line, for they are doing good, faithful work. Rantoul is now being tried at guard, and may safely be trusted to meet every emergency. As an athlete he has developed rapidly in the last two years, and I consider him to-day about as good an all-round man as can be found in any college. Yale will have to look out for him. His jolly good nature is apt to put his opponent in the line off his guard, while at the same time the determined side of his character makes him an exceedingly difficult man to match. There is nothing brilliant about Vail's work, but he is always at hand, and his steady work is certain to count. So soon as he has mastered the game a little better, he will, I am sure, prove to be a good protector for the snap back. There are, therefore, practically three vacant positions in the line—an end, a tackle, and centre. Emmons, who is at present playing at end, is not exactly what I consider the position demands. Still he may develop rapidly. Shea is a likely candidate for tackle, but an old trouble with his knee may prevent his playing. Bangs hardly seems to be the man for centre. He is not active enough, and it is seldom that he places himself in a firm position after he has sent the ball to the quarter. Mackie, if he is permitted to play, should be the man for the position, provided he does not make a better guard. Of the other candidates I am not ready to judge until I have followed them more closely.

CAN ANY ONE EXPLAIN why the Boston papers are indulging in what seems to be the most fulsome praise of the Harvard team and the material composing it? It certainly seems an enigma to me, for it is contrary to the policy adopted last season, and, if I may be allowed to say it, contrary to the facts. To place in huge head-lines "HARVARD PILES UP THE SCORE!" when the sum total was eighteen points looks fishy. These papers were carefully attended to last year in the interests of the team, and are undoubtedly in close sympathy with the prominent men in the management this season. Why, then, are they so generous of praise where a more moderate amount would certainly fill the bill for accuracy, and not mislead the players themselves and deceive non-resident alumni? It looks as though a tendency toward lack of confidence had been discovered either among the players or in the captain, and those who have matters in charge were busily engaged in bolstering up the courage that seemed tottering.

THE HARD PLAIN FACT is that the material is not at all bad, and the team is an average one, except behind the line, where it is unquestionably strong. But it is not as yet a scoring team—not nearly so advanced in this respect as it was last year at this point in the season, and there is a something almost like stage-fright that takes possession of the line occasionally. Perhaps newspaper praise will eradicate this fault, but, to my mind, a little good stiff coaching, such as one or two of the old-timers I know could give, would take the frills out of the men, and bring them into line far more quickly and efficaciously.

TAKING EVERYTHING INTO consideration, I can see no reason why Captain Trafford should not bring out a strong eleven, if the men at his disposal are handled in the proper manner. He must bear in mind, however, that the season is short, and almost before he is aware of the fact, the day of the big game will be at hand, and it will then be too late to correct faults which should have been looked after in these early days.

THE PRINCETON-LEHIGH game last Wednesday was not a very high order of foot-ball, the orange and black piling up its score through mere beef rather than good play. Princeton did not show any improvement in her play on that day; except for one brief five-minutes, when Lehigh had worked the ball to the five-yard line, it was listless and very careless. Captain Warren works hard, and the men owe it to him and to their college to do faithful earnest work. Adams, King, Homans, and Poe are doing well, though the first does not get his head down soon enough in starting to buck the line. King needs practice in kicking and passing, but I confess his snap back, Symmes, is enough to make a good man go wrong now and again. A couple of new men are being tried for centre, but neither have shown any marked ability as yet. Vincent is working hard and playing a good game at end, but Riggs is not playing the game he knows how to play. Wheeler, Dowkontt, and Harold are the most promising candidates for tackle and left guard, and the latter is pretty certain to develop into a valuable man; the other two have weight and nerve, but thus far show lack of head, due of course to inexperience. The men tackle hard and low, and are well advanced in that respect. Warren, King, Poe, and Adams do about all the guarding of the runners, and the others stand by and appear to think the exhibition is for their pleasure. The great weakness of the team to-day is the ease with which holes are made in its line. Lehigh went through a dozen times, and showed some very good team play. I regret I have no space to comment on them to greater length, but hope to do so after the Lehigh-University-of-Pennsylvania game next Saturday—Blunt, Balliett, Ordway, Trenchard, and McClung are five good men.—Score 30–0.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA played all around Orange on Saturday, reaching a score of 26–0. The U. of P. eleven is not so strong to-day as it was this time last year, but it will develop into a stronger team than '90 before the season is out. Vail is greatly missed, and Church is not passing so cleverly as he will in another two weeks; but there is not a man on the team who does not fill his position and play with an earnestness that would do Princeton good to emulate. Adams at centre is very good, and he is well cared for by his guards, especially by Thornton at left. Mackie at left tackle seemed to me on Saturday the weakest man on the team—at least most of the holes were through him. The other tackle, Griffith, was on last year, and is playing in good form. Schoff at right end is another old man, and one of the best ends on the field. McFadden at left is new, but he gives promise of making a good one. Camp and Thayer are well known; the former is one of the strongest half backs in the country, a ground gainer, and a difficult man to stop. Thayer at full is quite as good as he was last year. A substitute half, Martin, was played Saturday, and he proved himself quite equal to filling a vacancy on the 'varsity whenever one occurs.

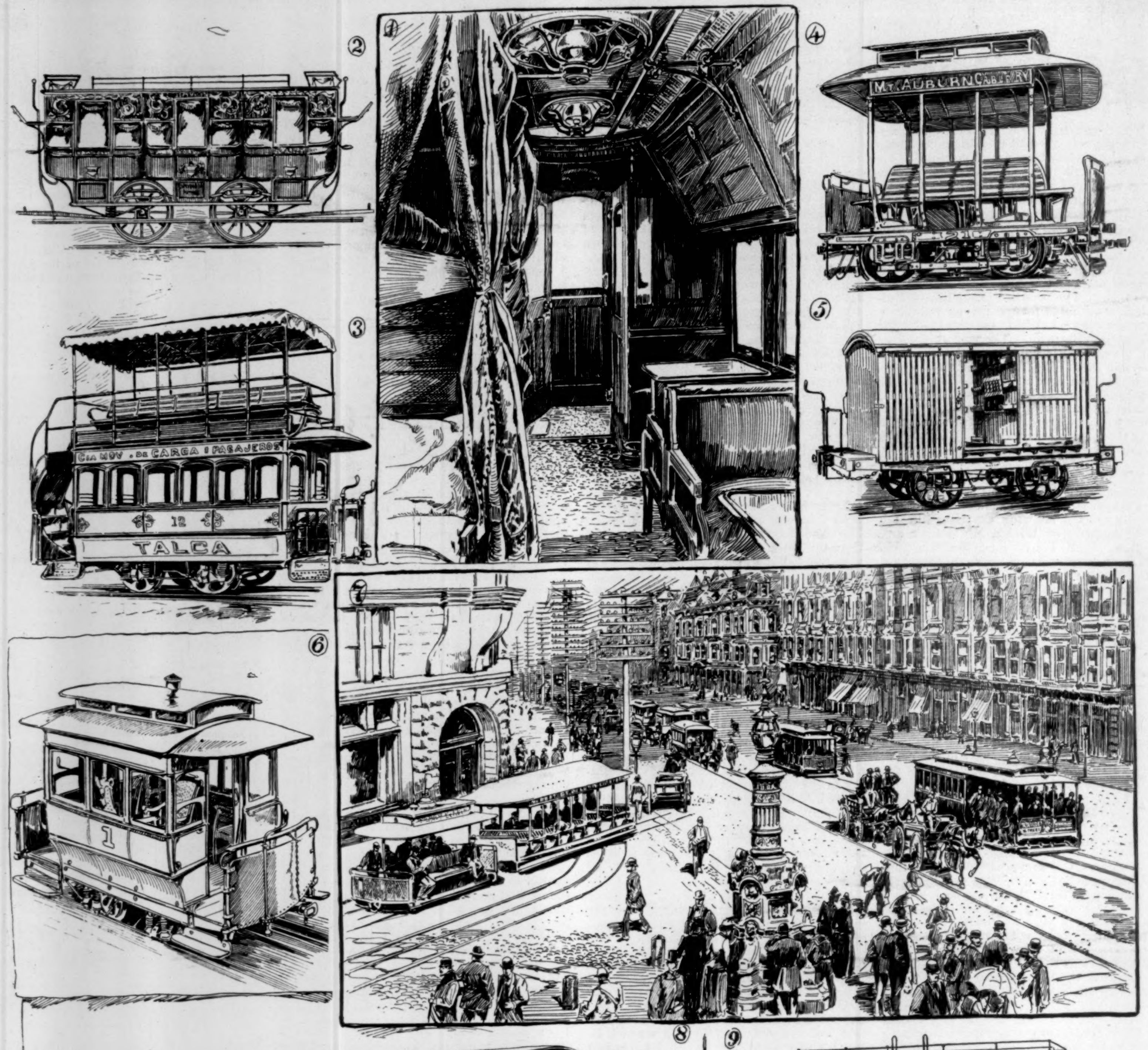
THE TEAM IS STRONG in offensive play; the men tackle well and block fairly, but are not quite up to the mark on defensive play. Orange did not show up with its regular team, or even half of it, Boviard, Burdick, McKenzie, and Storrs being absent. Bonner, who has played on the Princeton scrub for several years, was at right half, and the only man on his side to get through the U. of P. line for a gain. Dilworth, the old Columbia man, was the other half. De Hart, at quarter, played the best game on the team. When Orange had the ball, she generally managed to gain with a small "V," but her line was opened up at will by the U. of P. when the ball went to them, and the holes were large enough to run through the entire team. It was very tiresome to read in some of the daily papers of the "slugging" U. of P. There was no rough play, and the only case of disqualification was more the fault of Orange than Pennsylvania. As a matter of fact, Pennsylvania, I thought, exhibited rare patience, for umpire Storrs gave them the worst of it several times.

THE CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB drew on its reserve force of players on Saturday, and waded through Columbia with an ease that astonished the friends of both sides—score, 42–0. It was popularly believed that the Columbias were fairly strong this year, and, indeed, Captain Chrystie has accomplished a great deal with the material he has. They are too light, however, and were out-weighed and out-classed, the Crescents demoralizing them by opening their centre where and as frequently as they pleased. Columbia braced in the second half, but could not stem the current. Hewlett played a great game for Crescent, and Beecher showed better form than in any previous game this season. The Crescents showed much improvement, playing a much more snappy and offensive game than they have shown before this year.

THE YALE-PRINCETON game, as I hinted last week, is certain to be played on Manhattan Field, Thanksgiving day. The turf is the very best to be found, the capacity for spectators as large if not larger than Eastern Park, and the situation sure to give it a tone in point of coaches, etc., that could never be accommodated in Brooklyn. Moreover, the grand stand and bleacheries will be along the side of the field and not at one end of it, as at Eastern Park. No money will be spared by the Manhattan Athletic Club to make all appointments perfect. New York is the only place that can handle such crowds, and I always dread Springfield for that reason. Some day there will be a serious accident up there; and if the game is to go there regularly, substantial and permanent grand stands should be erected. Princeton has had the good sense to play its game with the University of Pennsylvania on the Manheim grounds. Indeed, in the light of that affidavit, I can't see how it ever entertained a thought to play elsewhere. There is no reason now why Yale and Wesleyan should not do likewise, especially the latter, which has no excuse whatever, save that of following the current. Harmony is a great thing in intercollegiate foot-ball; let us have all we can get of it. Speaking of harmony, unfortunately Harvard and Princeton are not likely to play ball this season. There were two very pretty newspaper sensations last week: first, doubt as to a Yale-Harvard game; and second, the departure of Riggs from Princeton—one about as unlikely as the other.

A MORE FITTING closing of the athletic season than the annual fall games of the New York Athletic Club would be impossible. Travers Island is the most picturesquely beautiful spot owned by a club in this country, and the attendance is invariably as brilliant as the surroundings. Under the management of the veteran W. B. Curtis the games are always successful, and I regret the demands of foot-ball take so much space as to leave me room to mention only that the club's Hercules, Mitchell, hurled the 56-pound weight 34 feet 11 inches, making a new world's record; that Jewett, D. A. C., around a turn, ran a 220-yards dash in 22⅕ seconds, ⅖ within the world's record on a straight-away; and that Dohm, out of condition and on a fifth-mile track, ran a half in 1.55⅗, one second slower than the world's record.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.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HISTORY OF THE STREET CAR AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.—Drawn by E. J. Meeker.—[See Page 825.]

1. Sleeping Car, Argentine Republic. 2. The first Street Car used in New York, 1831. 3. Chilian Car. 4. Old style Cable Car, Cincinnati. 5. Chicken Car, Argentine Republic. 6. Inspection Car, Venezuela. 7. "Cable Train," Market Street Cable Railway, San Francisco. 8. Composite Car, Pittsburg (combining Dummy or Grip Car and Passenger Car). 9. Passenger Car, Argentine Republic. 10. The Dummy or "Grip Car." 11. Funeral Car, Argentine Republic. 12. Combination Car used in Chili.

THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB.

(*Continued from page 816.*)

there is often a lack of firmness and resonance in their work as compared with a well-trained professional chorus, but this is true, to a greater or less degree, of all amateur choruses. Mr. Mosenthal does not pet or pamper his chorus; the active members do not pay any dues, but a rigid attendance at rehearsals every Tuesday evening is exacted; and when they assemble under their conductor's baton, it is for business and not play.

When they are "bad," collectively or individually, they are told so in no uncertain terms, and the result is a highly meritorious one, both to chorus and conductor. Originally the club gave four concerts a season, but this was found to entail such an enormous amount of work upon every one that it became necessary to cut down the number, and only three are now given in a season. Even then there is an amount of labor connected with the concerts of an organization like the Mendelssohn which is not at all understood by any outsider. There is not a post in the club's active administration which does not mean genuine hard work and lots of it, and to keep the club up to its uniformly high standard testifies most conclusively to the devotion of its officers. In addition to the work of the chorus at its concerts the programme always contains the names of one or more eminent soloists.

At present writing its officers are Robert H. Robertson, president; George Ingraham, vice-president; George Sherman, treasurer; William S. Church, secretary; Joseph Mosenthal, conductor; and Alec Irving, librarian. Colonel John Ward, formerly commandant of the Twelfth Regiment, was eight years its librarian, and from his long and zealous connection with the club is generally looked upon as its historian. By-the-way, it is time the Mendelssohn had a printed history of itself and its career. At the present moment facts concerning its history are matters of memory; but in time these must grow dim and pass away altogether, and the coming generation will grope about in vain for the genealogical tree of its club ancestors. The club has two honorary members—Mr. E. C. Benedict and Mr. Alfred Corning Clark. Both these gentlemen are musical enthusiasts, and devoted friends and champions of the club. About three years ago Mr. Benedict, who owns the steam-yacht *Oneida*, made up an excursion for a few of its members, which finally, in the past two years, has included the entire active membership of the club. And a very high and harmonious time has been the result. The chorus gets on its "sea legs" and brushes up its mariners' "ditties," while the merry "heave ho" of the sailor, when there is any on a steam-yacht, gives the basses an opportunity to "down" the tenors, which is seized upon as an event to make honors easy after a season wherein the tenors had things all their own way. Mr. Benedict's excursions are looked forward to now as one of the club events of the year, and the man who cannot "get off" to take part in this picnic considers himself an object of revengeful fate.

For a number of years the club has looked longingly forward to the time when it could enjoy a club-house of its own worthy of the name, and a concert-hall too of its own, where it could hold its concerts under its own roof. This hope has at last been realized. Mr. Clark is putting up a five-story building on the north side of Fortieth Street, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway, the ground-floor and basement of which he presents to the club rent free. This is a princely gift, and equals in usefulness and genuine philanthropy and public spirit Mr. Booth's gift to the Players. The building will occupy a lot 98 feet 9 inches by 79 feet 6 inches. The general architectural idea followed out in the façade is classical in treatment, although the architect has not bound himself down by strict rules in this respect, but allowed his imagination to roam somewhat freely, but withal without license. The materials used for the front of the building are Belleville graystone and Roman brick. The general construction throughout is on the latest scientific principles as to lighting, heating, plumbing, and special provisions to make the structure thoroughly fire-proof; electric lights, and also an electric elevator. The club will occupy the entire ground-floor and basement. Their concert-room will be 70 × 75, with a gallery, and will seat 1100 people. It is pretty well decided that the decorative idea of this room shall be patterned after the First Empire.

There is also a handsome club-room opening into the concert-hall, shut off from it by doors, which are to be made to slide down into the cellar, thus making one great room of their entire premises. In addition there is a rehearsal-hall in the basement, kitchens, pantries, etc.; and connecting with the club-room and concert-hall, a smoking-room and a reception-room for the ladies. The upper stories of the building are designed for bachelors' apartments, and have a separate entrance of their own from the street. The cost of the building can be stated at about $300,000, it being, of course, Mr. Clark's idea to obtain some return for his investment by renting out the upper stories of his building as above indicated. Mr. Robert H. Robertson, the well-known architect, who is the enthusiastic president of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, not only designed the building they at present occupy, but is also the architect of their new home that is to be. The Mendelssohn Glee Club has a distinct sphere of usefulness, and, with its increased facilities, it will undoubtedly press forward in its good work.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

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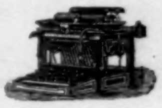

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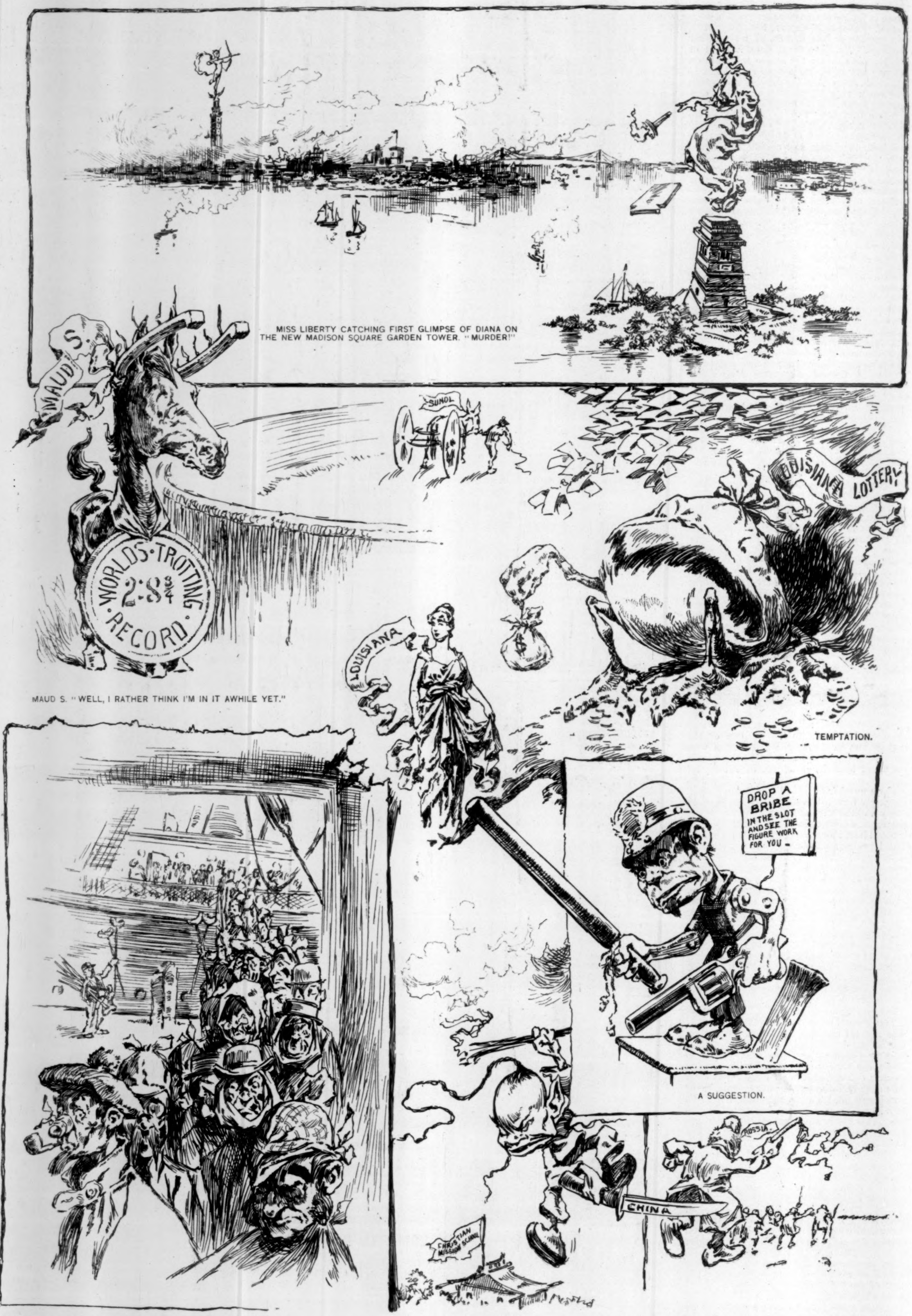
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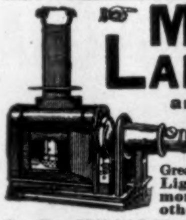

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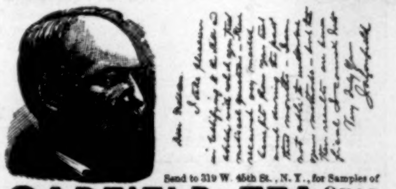

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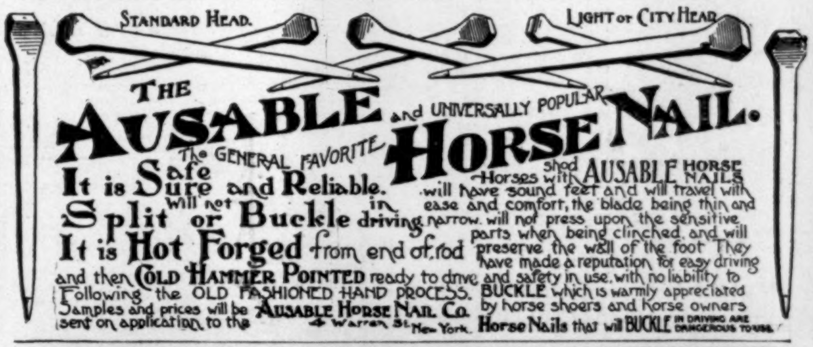
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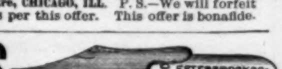

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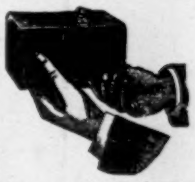

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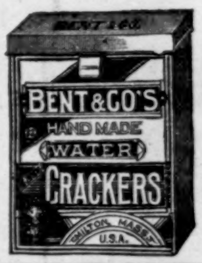

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